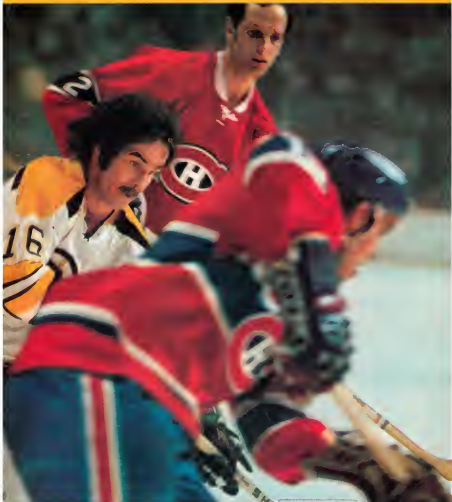


CATASTROPHE IN BOSTON

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 26, 1971 60 CENTS

Montreal outskates the Bruins



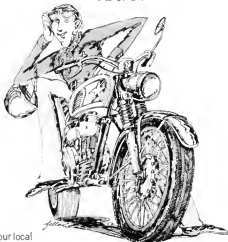


**When the going gets hard,
the whiskey should be soft.**



Calvert Extra.
The Soft Whiskey.

Term Rider is a new movie. True?



Don't look for it at your local cinema. We're being misleading to make a point.

The point being that most people don't know enough about life insurance. Which can cause a family to have too little, or not enough of the right kind.

And that's too bad, because life insurance really isn't that hard to understand.

Take a term rider, for instance.

It's simply additional coverage you can purchase when you buy permanent life insurance. It's not unlike the optional extras you can choose when you buy a new car.

For example, when you buy permanent life insurance for yourself, you might also want to provide your family with extra income payments if something

happened to you during the period your children are growing up and still living at home. This could be arranged with a term rider.

The advantage, of course, is the flexibility term riders give you in buying insurance that fits your specific needs for a limited length of time (or "term").

If you'd like to know more about life insurance, we can help.

We don't sell life insurance. We're here to help you do a

better job of buying it. By giving you the kind of information you need to talk to an agent with a little more confidence than you may have right now.

The fact is, we have a 64-page booklet called *Understanding Your Life Insurance*. The booklet is free. And it's filled with the simple ideas behind complicated-sounding words like term rider.

So why not write to us and ask for a copy. We'll mail it to you, fast.

Institute of Life Insurance

Central source of information about life insurance
277 Park Avenue, Dept. F-1, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me a free copy of *Understanding Your Life Insurance*.

Name
Address
City State Zip

The new Remington. It's designed for changing blades so you don't have to keep changing shavers.

Almost any good electric shaver can give you a clean shave when it's new. But the Remington® Lektro Blade Shaver is designed to keep giving you good shaves when it's no longer new.

No shaver is any better than its blades, since it's the blades themselves that do the shaving.

So we gave this new Remington the sharpest shaver blades we've ever made.

And we made these new blades replaceable.

In fact, we designed a completely new shaver around them. With a big, Hideaway trimmer, adjustable comfort controls, and a slant-head design for easier, more comfortable handling.

When you notice this new Remington losing sharpness, in 6 months or so, the importance of replaceable blades will come home to you.

Because you won't have to start searching for a repair shop.

SPERRY RAND

Or looking at new models.

Instead, you pop in a new set of blades and start getting the kind of shaves you got when the shaver was new.

If you have a shaver that doesn't change blades, maybe you should change your shaver.



REMINGTON®
LEKTRO BLADE SHAVER

Contents

APRIL 26, 1971 Volume 34, No. 17

Cover photograph by Walter Smith Jr.

14 Brief Reign of the Lordly Bruins

Their dreams of dynasty were dashed by underdog Montreal and a grand finale of a rookie goalie

20 One More Blur in the Confusion Derby

The Churchill Downs picture was further muddled when a Kentucky Derby ineligible won the Wood Memorial

22 Milwaukee Was Waiting

The Katsch and Bollets completed a rough playoff series but the homecoming Bucks were ready for the winner

30 When a Law Fights a Law

Want a hunk of 'reem forced? It is yours to take, according to the nursing act. But a legal showdown looms

38 Looking for Kicks

Joe Louis was given his fighting name, but he did all the rest, and that includes inventing a new blood sport

46 Serving Up a New Game of Life

Tennies waited in Garden Acres over the scandalous behavior of Harriet Wellbert. Would his wife divorce him?

72 From Clean Politics to Dirty Baseball

In the first of two parts, baseball's ex-Commissioner Happy Chandler takes aim at the sport he ruled and loved

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 11 Scorecard | 69 Hunting |
| 56 People | 89 For the Record |
| 58 Sporting Look | 90 19th Hole |
| 62 Baseball | |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year and, by Time Inc., 361 Ninth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018, James R. Shepley, President, Richard H. McKeough, Treasurer, Charles B. Blair, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each subscription paper in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands \$12.00 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world \$8.00 a year, all others \$16.00 a year.

Credits on page 19

Next week

THE KENTUCKY DERBY is wide open because of the defection of top horses. Whitney Tower analyzes the entries and Tex Maule portrays the controversial Trainer Johnny Campo.

THE FLYING ANGELS, who have traded wisely, are ready to challenge in the American League West. William Leggett reports on the team, the trader and the strong opposition.

WHY DO LEFTIES dominate pro bowling? Walter Ken Clapp examines the condition of the game today and suggests that maybe the players are getting more hostile to the ounce.

The difference in these soles can save you strokes

TEE-SOLE Woods. We designed the sole of the TEE-SOLE wood to make it smaller than conventional ones. This smaller sole reduces turf drag. The result is longer, more accurate shots. Get renewed confidence in your ability to make a good wood shot from fairway or rough with TEE-SOLE woods. Another MacGregor exclusive.

SPLIT/LEVEL Irons. MacGregor SPLIT/LEVEL SOLE irons improve your lie on every shot. The thin front level cuts through the grass and reduces turf drag. The back level controls divot depth. Like the TEE-SOLE Woods, MacGregor SPLIT/LEVEL Irons are available with steel, aluminum or new Tourney-Lite shaft.



Send today for your free Mini-Catalog on MacGregor golf equipment.

MacGregor

THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF

BRUNSWICK CORPORATION • DEPT. P144
1-75 AT JIMSON ROAD • CINCINNATI, OHIO 45215



Converse Coach in suede and canvas

the basketball
shoe that keeps going...
on and off the court.

It's a quality basketball shoe... It's a rugged, handsome all around athletic shoe. In suede, canvas and sharp new team colors, the Converse Coach performs like a pro on the court and keeps going... off the court, on any surface hard or soft, for a game of touch, mowing the lawn, jogging, you name it. The new suede Coach is in cool, supple, napped glove leather for beautiful, long-lasting comfort, and it boasts a padded

tongue and ankle collar for snug, foot-hugging fit. Both the suede and canvas models offer full heel and arch cushion and comfortable sponge insole. Plus the special Converse sole design and compound for a sure grip and extra long wear. Suede Coach in natural, blue, gold and black Oxford. Canvas Coach in black and white Hi-Top and Oxford. More sports heroes from Converse.



See the Converse
dealer nearest
you - listed
on the right.

 **converse**

**"To me, flavor is what smoking
is all about. And I'm not
about to change my mind.
I'm an Old Gold Filters man."**

**OLD GOLD
FILTERS**

Old Gold Filters. The cigarette for independent people.

16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Nov. 70.

BOOKTALK

Everything you've always wanted to know about exploring but forgot to ask

Savages rarely murder new-comers, they fear their guns, and have a superstitious awe of the white man's power, they require time to discover that he is not very different to themselves, and easily to be made away with." These comforting words for the would-be explorer are on the opening page of Sir Francis Galton's *Art of Travel*, first published in 1855 and now reprinted (Blackpole Books, \$6.95) as perhaps an inducement to the investigation of remote regions. But what remote regions?

Galton, a distinguished explorer of southwest Africa, collected during a lifetime of travel a broad assortment of hints, tips and maxims and published them in a volume whose subtitle is *Stipps and Contrivances Available in Wild Countries*. Sir Francis would be anyone's sensible choice as a companion on a desert island or in darkest Africa. He could make gunpowder, boats, fuse powder, penicillin, poisoned arrows, fishing line, bullets, tar, sundials, needles, glue, candles or indeed almost anything out of local materials. His book tells how.

Want to cross a deep river with a horse? Hold on to his tail, splash water in his face with the right hand to steer left and vice versa to steer right. Break in new boots? Pour in a raw egg. Make a bed of wood shavings? You need eight pounds, which will take 3½ hours to cut with a spoked axe. To find honey, cut a bee, tie a straw to it, and the creature then flies slowly enough to follow. (Question: What do you tie it with?)

A full-scale expedition to the heart of an unknown jungle, Sir Francis says, requires 95 pounds of general stores including two gimlets, a cork screw, an iron, a clothes brush and a blunt-pointed bistoury, which turns out to be a sort of surgical knife, 30 pounds of stationery, including six pounds of sketching books, colored pencils, 64 pounds of mapping and natural history equipment. For a six-month trip, a further 109 pounds is needed for each white man but only 47 for each black man, including "an abundance" of trinkets, preferably in bright colors.

"A frank, joking, but determined manner joined with an air of showing more confidence in the good faith of the natives than you really feel, is the best," he starts his section on *Management of Savages*. Keep your reserve supply of tinder in your armpit, to light your pipe in a downpour, do so under the belly of your horse, to repair your shattered gunstock, stuff it inside the freshly flayed skin of an ox's leg and let the hide shrink in place, to stop an axe hazing, hold its nail down, your main arteries roughly follow the inside seams of your sleeves and trousers and flat rib-bones make decent pens.

Are you listening, Neil Armstrong?

— J. A. MANTON GRADHAM

Jarman "Leisuals" make great mates for your colorful spring 1977 sportswear! Carefully built to feel good, casually designed to look good — and sensibly priced to give more for your money. You'll be taking a smart step when you visit your nearby Jarman dealer and look over his selection of "Leisuals."

Leisuals

Jarman
The Step-ahead Style

Patented 1976. Jarman shoes are made in the U.S.A. from the finest leather. Jarman shoes are designed to give most comfort. Best value for the dollar with prices right. Right in the World and in your pocket. JARMAN SHOE CO. NASHVILLE, TENN. 37203. 615/259-0000. JARMAN SHOE CO. NASHVILLE, TENN. 37203. 615/259-0000.

Now you can follow step-by-step recipes
that will turn every dinner into a celebration!

YOU'LL FIND THEM IN

Classic French Cooking

YOURS FOR 10 DAYS FREE, FROM



Foods of the World

Wouldn't it be exciting to surprise your family and friends with *Tournedos Henri IV*...the beefsteak and strichoke dish fit for a king? Or dress up a simple dinner with *Riz à l'impératrice*, the Bavarian cream dessert with rice and glacé fruit, named after the Empress Eugénie?

If you'd enjoy serving impressive and delicious classic French dishes like these, you're invited to borrow—free for 10 days—*Classic French Cooking*, introductory volume in **FOODS OF THE WORLD**, the beautifully illustrated cooking series by **TIME-LIFE BOOKS**.

When your copy of *Classic French Cooking* arrives, dip into the text...a fascinating history of the classic French cuisine by Craig Claiborne, food editor of *The New York Times*, and Pierre L. Fanny, formerly executive chef of the *Pavillon Restaurant*. Note the renowned food experts (including Michael Field, James A. Beard and Jacques Pépin, former chef to General de Gaulle) who collaborated with **TIME-LIFE** editors to create the book. Enjoy the illustrations...page after

page of photographs, most in full color, of fabulous foods, the extraordinary people who created or dined on them, and the interesting places in which they were served.

Then try some of the recipes. That's the real thrill! For, as you'll quickly discover, this volume does something for the classic French cuisine that's never been done before. First, by showing you how to prepare the basic stocks and sauces, it gives you the key to virtually every dish in the classic French cuisine. Then, with recipes that spell out each detail, step by step, the book makes it easier than you ever thought possible to prepare memorable meals.

Perhaps you'll decide to try, first, one of the easiest tricks of all...a secret way of adding wonderful flavor to scrambled eggs created by the great chef, Escoffier, to please his friend, Sarah Bernhardt...and never revealed in his lifetime even to the incomparable Sarah herself. (The secret: to stir the eggs, use a knife with a clove of garlic on the tip.) Or maybe you'll try something ambitious...like *coq au vin*, (a

bricche loaf filled with salmon, mushrooms, velouté sauce and crispies)...or *anfile de veau Orloff* (saddle of veal with scabise, mushrooms, truffles and mornay sauce)...or *gâteau Saint-Honoré*, a cream puff and pastry cream cake that, quite by itself, is enough to turn any dinner into a celebration!

By this time you'll probably want to keep and use *Classic French Cooking* forever. Please do. It's yours for only \$5.95 (\$6.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling, as your introduction to **FOODS OF THE WORLD**. And then you will receive another **FOODS OF THE WORLD** volume for free examination every other month, and may keep it, if you wish, at the same low price. But first, do try *Classic French Cooking* for 10 days, entirely free. Should you decide not to keep the volume, you may return it and that's the end of the matter. Just fill out, detach and mail the postage-paid reply card today. If card is missing, write to **TIME-LIFE BOOKS**, Dept. 2601, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

YOU GET BOTH FREE WITH *Classic French Cooking*

64-page **KITCHEN GUIDE** provides valuable tips to help you shop for, prepare and serve complementary-meals in every cuisine covered by **FOODS OF THE WORLD**. Yours free with *Classic French Cooking*.

RECIPE BOOKLET, spiral-bound, 162 recipes, including all those shown in *Classic French Cooking*. (Each issue of the **FOODS OF THE WORLD** Volume comes with its own handy Recipe Booklet, at no extra charge.)



Some of the other volumes in **TIME LIFE BOOKS** *Foods of the World*
American Cooking • *The Cooking of Italy* • *Wines & Spirits*





Riz de veau à la franciscaine au vol-au-vent... sweetbreads in truffle-flavored Madeira sauce with veal mousse dumplings, in a puff pastry shell



Filet de boeuf Rachelien... roast file of beef with braised lettuce, chateau potatoes, baked tomatoes and stuffed mushroom caps



- Book size: 8 1/2 x 11 inches
- 256 pages • 125 photos and illustrations, 67 in full color • Premium quality covers
- All new material, nothing is repeated from our magazines



Pêches Ninon...poached fresh peaches with molded, vanilla-flavored pudding and apricot glaze



Riz à l'inspiration...molded... Bavarian cream with rice and glacéed fruits, encircled by raspberry sauce



Galantine de canard...ground mixture of duck with pork and veal, garnished with a tomato rose



Now AccuColor goes portable!

AccuColor[®], the most accurate, most reliable color TV in RCA history now comes in 19", 18", 16" and 14" portable sizes! (Measured diagonally.) These are the brightest, sharpest, toughest RCA portables you can buy.


Every AccuColor picture tube is computer designed for richer, more vivid color and sparkle.

The AccuColor tuning system is built for simplicity and pinpoint accuracy. It automatically locks in

the correct signal, stabilizes color intensity, and delivers more natural flesh tones and consistent color no matter how often you change channels. It's fiddle-free tuning!

And these tough new AccuColor portables are built to really take it. We've replaced many tubes with dependable solid state components for longer life and fewer repairs.

AccuColor portables. The best news since... well, since AccuColor.

RCA AccuColor 

SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

INSUBORDINATION AT THE TOP

After that bench-clearing brawl during their April 8 Stanley Cup game in New York, Clarence Campbell, National Hockey League president, quickly imposed fines totaling \$16,550 on the Toronto Maple Leafs, the New York Rangers and individuals on their teams. It was an unprecedentedly tough act by Campbell but it came only after he had warned all NHL clubs a few weeks earlier that the sport could not long tolerate the meaningless fights that so often have marred the game. He had, he said then, decided to penalize severely those responsible—not just the players but also the clubs that have the responsibility for controlling them.

After the battle was over, Campbell observed that "these incidents reflect no credit on the league or any of the participants and were a blatant violation of the declared policy of the league. To curtail this menace, the governors authorized the imposition of a much more severe schedule of penalties two years ago, which has remedied the situation to some degree. However, this policy cannot be effective unless it has the complete and wholehearted support of top-level management of every club."

Well, it doesn't have that support. Stafford Smythe, president of the Maple Leafs, is stubbornly refusing to pay the fine, and William Jennings, Ranger president, is planning an appeal to the league's board of governors, composed of 14 men, of whom he seems to control a majority.

"Let 'em fight," seems to be the attitude of the owners. Well, like most fans, we won't complain too much as long as they also let 'em play a little hockey. In the Ranger-Leaf game, they almost forgot to.

OIL ON TROUBLED ICE

There are arguments to be made on both sides of every question, most especially in the field of ecology, and, in the case of the controversial Alaska oil pipeline,

quite a few have been made so far without too much in the way of scientific backing. All the facts in that area are not yet in but it is interesting to note that Angus Gavin, a fully reputable ecologist, former senior vice-president of Ducks Unlimited Canada and discoverer of the breeding ground of the Ross goose, has turned in a report, based on two years of study, on what might be expected to happen as a result of the development of the Arctic's petroleum potential. It must be kept in mind that Gavin made his study as an employee of the Atlantic Richfield Company, whose vested interest in petroleum development of the Arctic is vast.

Even so, Gavin's reputation is impeccable. These are some of the conclusions he has so far reached:

1. The pipeline will not interfere with the migratory habits of caribou.
2. Grizzly bears are attracted, rather than driven away, by oil operations because they find food (garbage) around the camps and drilling sites.
3. Arctic char, whitefish and grayling do spawn in some rivers of the slope, and gravel, necessary for breeding in those streams, should not be disturbed. However, the removal of large amounts of gravel from riverbeds near the coast, where the fish do not spawn, has not affected runs.
4. The North Slope is a "low density" area for waterfowl, and oil operations should not seriously affect their situation.

Much of the worry has centered around the seemingly reasonable fear that caribou would be driven from their normal migration routes and, perhaps, suffer in some way that might lead to their extinction.

But, says Gavin, "the herds will parallel, not cross, the pipeline's path. In fact," he adds, "they seem to be rather blasé about the whole proceedings."

Caribou, he says, have shown no hesitation about stepping over water and feed lines at the base camps and he feels

that they would readily use crossings to be built over elevated portions of the pipeline.

UMPS OUT AT THE PLATE

In a gesture of friendship 40 San Antonio umpires, members of the Southwest Baseball Umpires Association, invited 90 high school baseball coaches to a party. It might help tame them, the umpers felt.

The peace-loving umpires stocked up with 75 dozen hot tamales, 14 cases of beer, six cases of soda pop and potato chips and dip.



Seven couches showed up. The monogoose has more love for the cobra than baseball coaches have for umpires.

THE ULTIMATE APPRAISAL

The serious student of literature always has had trouble in ranking his authors, who may range from Shakespeare all the way down to Philip Roth. Now come Peter Ellis and Jan Feidel, comparative literature students at Rutgers, who have chosen to equate some of our better-known writers with their equivalents in basketball. It goes like this:

J. D. Salinger (Dave Bing)—A fine-shooting guard. He is the best, but then again not the best. People still talk about a move he made in the All-Star Game a few years back.

Nabokov (Chet Walker)—Slow but thorough. Good head fakes, unstoppable one-on-one. Will score from in close, but yet, smooth as he is, there is some-

continued

thing heavy-handed, too methodical about his play. Controls ball too much. No team player.

Froust (Bob Cousy)—Good peripheral vision.

F. Scott Fitzgerald (Elgin Baylor)—Injury prone. A great scorer who was known for his moves and his ability to hang in midair, stay up all night on a jump shot. Ended up in L.A.

James Joyce (Law Alcindor)—If you like him, he's the greatest.

Norman Maaser (Billy Cunningham)—Million-dollar contract. Erratic outside shot though not reluctant to shoot it. The kangaroo kid has great speed and sweeping drive (his first step is impressive). Famous for his moon shot.

John Updike (Jack Marin)—A deadly forward. Pretty jump shot but still an ugly ballplayer.

Yeats (The Old Celcius).

A LOT IN THIS NAME

You can tell some players, at least, without a scorecard.

Who, having committed the name to memory, will ever be able to forget the immortal *Sakutepi Letutigenoa*? He has transferred to the University of New Mexico after starring as a fullback at Palomar (Calif.) Junior College.

A long cheer for Letutigenoa. His friends call him Tony.

ALBI MIKE

Leave it to Hollywood, with its genuine simulated zircon approach to life, to come up with an aid to erring husbands. Or wives, for that matter.

The aid is a cassette recording of a variety of sound effects. There are crowd noises from an all-purpose, any-season sports event—cheers, whistles, peanut vendors—which can be interpreted as basketball, baseball, football, hockey, etc. On the same tape one may select the sounds of a bowling alley—the din of rumbling balls and hurtling pins. There is even a working-late-at-the-office selection that goes clackety-clackety-ding. Turn the tape to the recording of your choice and make that duty call home to the trusting little woman. Hold your portable tape recorder reasonably close to the telephone and thereby establish clear proof that you really are at the game.

"It's all a gag," says Dan Tourin, a printing-company salesman whose first

venture into novelty merchandising occurred to him one evening last winter while tape recording the sound of printing presses where he works. "At \$4.95 it's worth a laugh or two, but I trust most people know easier, less expensive ways to be devious."

Some do, some don't.

FROM CLEATS TO SPIKES

When 1964 Olympic 100-meter champion Bob Hayes became a professional football player, he lost his amateur standing in track and field, too. The same thing happened to Frank Budd, John Carlos, Henry Carr, Jim Hines, Earl McCulloch and Tommie Smith—all of them world-record holders or Olympic champions.

Now, at the behest of Jack Kelly, new president of the Amateur Athletic Union, the AAU has proposed to track's international governing body, the International Amateur Athletic Federation, that professionals in other sports should be allowed to compete as amateurs in track and field. The idea was approved by the IAAF Council and needs only to be ratified by the IAAF Congress when it meets at Munich during the 1972 Olympics.

Chances for passage are considered "excellent" by American IAAF delegate Dan Ferris, who says the new rule would probably take effect early in 1973, making any pro athletes who might be interested eligible for the 1976 Games.

ONE SMALL COMPLAINT

Back in 1965 Bob Armstrong of Des Moines saw his first professional football game—between the Minnesota Vikings and the Baltimore Colts. He was not impressed. Armstrong is 5' 7" and weighs 159 pounds.

"I thought it was ridiculous for people to idolize those big football players, just bumping heads out there," he says. He was convinced that smaller players could produce a more exciting game.

So Armstrong has incorporated the 159 Pro Football League, which limits its players to those who are 5' 9" or shorter and weigh 159 pounds or less. Also, he has set up a 159 Decathlon for the coming summer and has organized a social group called the International Organization of Smaller Persons.

Results, so far, have not been spectacular. A hard core of 35 athletes have signed up and some 200, all told, have

signified interest. Armstrong hopes to have teams in spring drills a year from now, with an eight-team league limited to Iowa.

Then, who knows?

A CHANCE FOR THE SUBS

The Western Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic League has adopted a new substitution rule that permits starting players to be removed from a baseball game and then return once with no shifting of positions or batting order.

John Conte, league baseball chairman and coach of Ringgold High School, explains: "The purpose of the new rule is to give more kids a chance to play without hurting the team that is winning the game." For example, a team leading by 8-1 could send subs in for the shortstop, left and right fielder. Two innings later, with the score cut to 8-5, the regulars could return to their same positions and batting order. Thus, three subs would have a chance to play without necessarily determining the game's outcome.

It just might catch on among other high schools since the WPIAL is a power to be reckoned with in baseball. In addition to Sean Musil, it has produced a score of big-leaguers—such players as Duke Groat, Peaches, Bob Priddy, Braves; Bruce Dal Canton, Royals; Hank Sauer, Cubs; and Ed Roebuck, Dodgers.

THEY SAID IT

• John Miller, observing that he was happy not to be paired with Jack Nicklaus in the closing round of the Masters: "That man makes you feel sort of inferior."

• Telecaster at halftime in the Baltimore Bullets-New York Knicks playoff game, won by Baltimore 101-80: "Those Bullets rose like Lazarus from the ashes."

• Bob Gibson, St. Louis Cardinal star pitcher, who is against golf, hunting and all other exercise during off season, asked what he did to keep in such good shape: "Nothing. I spend all winter just trying to get out of shape."

• Willie Pep, former world featherweight champion, on a report that he had died: "Now, I didn't die last night. I wasn't even out of the house."

• Charlie Finley, Oakland A's owner, on Hank Bauer, whom he hired and fired twice: "He's the kind of guy I'd like to go hunting with. I would trust him around me with a gun." **END**

**Yell if Avis
does something wrong.
You'll get it out of your system.
And we'll get it out of ours.**

We've got to know when and where our goofs are. You're not going to stand for them and we're not going to be No. 1 with them.

**(800)
231-6000**

The Avis Hot Line®

So we're giving you a toll free hot line when you're heated up.

Use it. Yell when your lighter doesn't work or your rear view mirror isn't clean.

Yell if our fast check-in isn't fast enough or if we forget to thank you for renting a dependable new Dodge or other fine car.

It's healthy for you to get it out of your system. And it's a matter of moving from No. 2 to No. 1 that we get it out of ours.

Avis is going to be No. 1. We try harder.

*In Texas, call (800) 392-3966, toll free.

© 1987 Avis Rent a Car System, Inc. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE, INC.

BRIEF REIGN OF THE LORDLY BRUINS

Midway through the third period of last Sunday's showdown between Montreal and Boston, the old *seigneurs* and brash young lords of hockey, Ken Dryden stretched all 42 inches of his left arm across the mouth of the Canadian net and speared a couldn't-miss shot by Phil Esposito. Esposito, Public Enemy No. 1 to goaltenders, having scored the criminal total of 76 goals during the season, stared at Dryden, cursed him—"You thieving giraffe!"—and then slammed his curved stick against the glass behind the goal. "I looked at the faces of the Bruins," Dryden said later, "and I could see it all so clearly. They all looked defeated."

The Bruins were defeated (*see cover*), and it was Dryden, with help from the Mahovich brothers, Peter and Frank, and some of that inexhaustible Montreal pride that upset them 4-2 in the Boston Garden in the seventh game of their wild and wicked Stanley Cup series.

"Dryden was better than we had ever dreamed," said Bobby Orr, who through the seven games performed more erratically than his Boston worshipers had ever dreamed he could.

It was the first time all year that the Bruins, runaway conquerors of the East, really had to win a game, and when they failed, Montreal's John Ferguson crowed, "That's one dynasty that didn't last very long."

Before 14,994 suffering spectators in the Garden and a national television audience, Peter Mahovich set up a pretty first-period goal to put the Canadiens ahead 2-1, and brother Frank killed the last flickering Boston hopes with his sec-

Heavily favored to destroy a mere nonvintage Montreal team and win the Stanley Cup again, Bobby Orr's Bostonians fell before the Canadian mystique and a fabulous rookie in the nets by MARK MULVOY

ond goal of the game, which made it 4-1 in the final period—after Jacques Lemire had poke-checked the puck away from Orr. It was Frank Mahovich, a wanderer from Toronto and Detroit only recently come to Montreal, who said, "With the Canadiens, pride is instilled even in the ratholes of the Forum."

In defeat the Bruins proved conclusively that they go only where Bobby Orr takes them. When Orr was able to control the puck with his private games of keepaway, Boston was invincible. But when the Canadiens were able to stymie Bobby by harassing him with two forecheckers or by ganging up on him at their blue line with what looked like hockey's version of the goal-line stand, as they did Sunday, Boston spluttered like any machine suddenly deprived of its horsepower. "Stop Orr," said John Ferguson of the Canadiens, "and you do stop the Bruins. It's that simple."

Indeed, the complexion of the series turned on what Orr did—or did not do—in every game. As the week began the series stood at 2-2; *i.e.*, two superior Orr performances vs. two miserable ones.

"Now it's down to the best two of three," Phil Esposito said as the Bruins flew home for the fifth game, "and there's

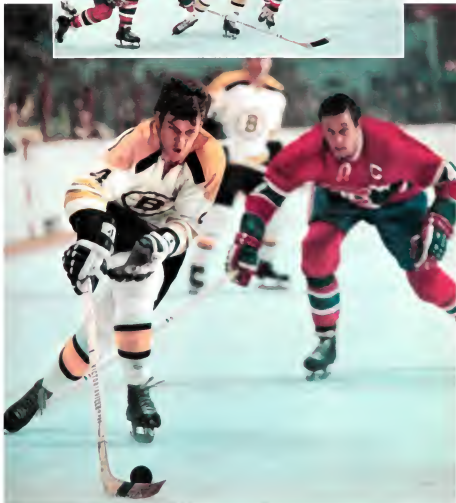
no way the Canadiens are going to beat us in Boston. No way. Believe me."

Despite Esposito's conviction, the other Bruins were wary as they waited for the Canadiens. Cocky and brash during their romp through the league during the regular schedule, they were now morose. Most of them had expected Montreal to die in four straight games. "Don't those damned little Frogs ever quit?" one player asked.

For both the Bruins and the Canadiens, it was now obvious, too, that besides Orr's battle with himself there were three other key matchups that ultimately would decide the winner. First of all there were the goaltenders—Dryden and Gerry Cheevers. At 6' 4" and 210 pounds, Dryden covers most of the net, something the Boston shooters found most discouraging. The strongest complaints came from Esposito, who was not playing like a man who had scored 76 goals. "In 1968 Gump Worsley was like St. Peter at the pearly gates against us. The next year that little Roggy Veatch robbed me blind. And now these bleeping Canadians come up with Dryden. Cripes. The kid's got paws like a giraffe." What made Esposito particularly annoyed at the rookie was the fact that Phil's low shots for the corners—shots that were goals against normal-sized netminders all season—kept deflecting off Dryden's pads. "My brother wouldn't do the things to me that this guy has

continued

Old Canadiens Henry Richard (18) and Jean Beliveau (below) played like Canadiens of old, nullifying the artillery of Orr (4).





BRIEF REIGN *continued*

been doing," Esposito said, shaking his head.

Between games law student Dryden visited law school libraries. "That's good," said Gerry Cheevers. "At least I'll never run into him off the ice." When he is not in the Boston goal, Cheevers usually can be found at the race track. "I start every day the same way," he says, "with the Lord's Prayer. 'Our Father, Who art in heaven, give us this day our daily double.'"

The second and third vital matchups involved centermen: Boston's swinging Derek Sanderson vs. Jean Beliveau, the magnificent captain of the Canadiens, and Montreal's Henri Richard vs. the quick stick of Phil Esposito. Sitting in the Bruins' dressing room one night, Sanderson talked about Beliveau. "I hate him. I hate him," Derek said, twitching his mustache. "What I hate about Beliveau is that he's so good. All the time I

Peter Mahovlich lost a fight—and his shirt—to Orr but not the shirt game, and Esposito (7) was continually frustrated by Ken Dryden.



was growing up I idolized him. So now I'm playing against him and I still think he's the greatest. But the way I figure it, if we're going to win, I got to out-play Beliveau."

The great man of the Canadiens gave Derek a few hard lessons during the first three games, but Sanderson covered Beliveau so closely in the fourth game that Jean was never an important player. "That's what I've got to do again," Derek said.

Playing Richard against Esposito was a totally unexpected move by Montreal Coach Al MacNeill. Actually, in the first game MacNeill started with Peter Mahovlich, who at 6' 4" and 210 pounds is bigger than Esposito, but when Phil took 11 shots at Dryden (none got past him) MacNeill switched to the Pocket Rocket. Starting with the second game, Richard skated alongside Esposito everywhere he went—even to the Boston bench. Phil, who averaged some seven shots on goal during the season, took only three shots at Dryden in the second game, six in the third and four in the fourth. "Henri is doing his job, right?" Esposito said bitterly.

And so, when the fifth game started last Tuesday in Boston, the matchups were set. In the first minute Wayne Cashman scored for Boston. Moments later Yvan Cournoyer tied the score for the Canadiens. All the while Richard was dogging Esposito and Sanderson was clinging to Beliveau. Orr, meanwhile, seemed to be playing as he did in the first game—more concerned about preventing goals than scoring them.

Then it happened. The puck was behind the Montreal goal. Richard left Esposito alone in front, figuring the puck was safely on the stick of a Montreal defenseman. But somehow the puck hopped over the net—and Dryden, too—and there was Esposito free to tap in one of the easiest goals he has ever scored. "I was owed that, thank you," he said later. Boston then started to hit every Canadian who moved, and soon the Bruins were in control. Mike Walton scored later in the first period and the Bruins rolled to a 5-1 lead in the second.

Contrary Montreal roared out for the third period and scored two fast goals. Visions of the third-period debacle in

revisited

Aggressive Ted Hampson of Minnesota flips for St. Louis's Bob Proger—right into the seats



LIVE)

+ TV BOUTS MAY 10



Game No. 2 started to dance through the minds of the Garden spectators, but Johnny Bucyk killed the rally with a strong individual effort, and the Bruins ultimately got a 7-3 victory. The Garden crowd jeered Dryden, yelling, "The Bruins ain't Halvud, k'd," as the Canadiens left the ice. "We'll be back," said John Ferguson. "We'll be back."

Although the Cheevers-Dryden confrontation was probably a standoff, mostly because Dryden stopped 56 Boston shots while Cheevers had to cope with only 27 Montreal attempts, the Bruins clearly won the other matchups. Esposito scored a goal and took 10 more shots at Dryden, while Sanderson totally blunted Beliveau when Jean had the puck or was in position to get it. Most important, though, Orr played a strong game—not as spectacular as in his hat-trick performance the previous Sunday, but solid, solid.

Back in Montreal for the sixth game Thursday night, Al MacNeill made one more change in his lineup. Hoping to add some speed and aggressiveness on the wing, he decided to move Henri Richard from center to right wing, a position Henri had not played since the 1950s. They had been fairly docile in the previous game, but now the Canadiens came on with speed and muscle. Peter Mahovlich scored early, skating through four Bruins and beating Cheevers from 25 feet. After Esposito scored on a power play to tie the score, Richard made a clever move to beat Cheevers with a backhand to give Montreal a 2-1 lead. Boston tied the score again on another power-play goal, but the Canadiens were still flying. With two Bruins in the penalty box, Jacques Lemare broke the tie, and four minutes later J.C. Tremblay beat Cheevers for a 4-2 lead. Henri scored again and so did Peter Mahovlich as the Canadiens overpowered the Bruins 8-3. It was Boston's worst defeat of the year.

Mahovlich is called Peter the Clown by his teammates, including his brother Frank, because of the pranks he likes to play in hotel lobbies—like setting the newspapers of lobby sisters afire. He ignited Orr's temper in the third period and had a pretty fair fight with him.

Orr won. It was the only thing Boston won all night.

Beliveau handled Sanderson easily, and half a dozen Montreal checkers kept Esposito tightly guarded whenever Phil was near Dryden. Meanwhile, Dryden got an assist on one of Peter Mahovlich's goals, and when the public-address man announced it the Forum crowd stood and cheered the goaltender for a solid minute.

Orr played inconsistently. "I don't know what's the matter," he said. "I want to go, but when I turn it on I don't go anywhere." He thought for a moment. "I'd better go when I turn it on Sunday. We'd all better. Cripes."

As most of North America knows by now Orr did not go, ending that remarkable affair and permitting some reflection on the other playoff battles. New York and Minnesota managed to settle their feuds with Toronto and St. Louis in six games, and Chicago, of course, had required only four games to dispose of Philadelphia. For the Rangers—who rallied behind Eddie Giacomin's goaltending and some sudden goal scoring by their captain, Bob Nevin—it was the first time in 21 years they had won any kind of a series in Stanley Cup play. For the North Stars—who turned to Gump Worsley, one of the two NHL goalies who still refuse to wear a mask, and a former collegian named Lou Nanne for urgent help after they lost two of their first three games—it marked the first time in three playoffs that they had defeated their bitter mid-country rivals, the Blues, and it also meant that for the first time since expansion the Blues would not be playing in the final cup series.

The Rangers seemed to have a simple game plan for the Maple Leafs. From the start they directed their attack at crusty old Bob Baun, the very good Leaf defenseman who is the one standing influence on the other Toronto defenders, all of whom are in their early 20s. While doing this, though, the Rangers forgot to play the close-checking hockey that has made them a good team. As a result they barely squeaked past Toronto 5-4 in the first game, lost the second game 4-1 and then lost the third game 3-1. When Giacomin allowed eight goals in the first two games he was replaced by Gilles Villemure. Indeed, it seemed that Giacomin's history of poor playoff performances was being replayed.

Still, Emile Francis, the New York coach and general manager, went back

to Giacomin for the fourth game—a critical one for the Rangers. And suddenly Giacomin played like the Giacomin of the regular season. He limited the Maple Leafs to four goals in the next three games, and the Rangers won all three. The last was best, a masterpiece of suspense as Nevin scored nearly 10 minutes into sudden-death overtime to win for the Rangers 2-1. Ironically, Nevin has been the least favorite Ranger among the fans at Madison Square Garden. "The first time I make a bad play in the Garden I'll get the same old business from the fans," Nevin said before the Rangers flew to Chicago for the opener in their semifinal series with Chicago, which they also won 2-1 in overtime.

When Nevin was scoring his winning goal, the organist at The Met in Bloomington, Minn., was just starting to play *Bye, Bye, Blues*, and the 15,370 packed into the rink began to serenade the visitors from St. Louis, who, at the time, were losing 5-2. Then the place fell quiet. "I told the organist to stop," said North Stars Coach Jack Gordon, "because I wanted to win the series first—and then celebrate." The score remained 5-2—and, boy, did the North Stars celebrate.

Fierce opponents since the first days of expansion, the Blues and the North Stars had waged continuous guerrilla warfare that St. Louis always seemed to win. But not this time. Worsley stepped into the goal last Sunday night and, despite a pulled groin muscle, he stopped the Blues 2-1 to even the series at two games apiece. Gump played superbly in Minnesota Tuesday when the North Stars, on a last-gasp goal by Lou Nanne, upset the Blues 4-3, and he was strong again in the 5-2 victory Thursday that won the series. For Worsley it was a profitable week. Gump has a \$37,500 base salary, and he gets a bonus of \$500 for each victory. The three wins over the Blues, then, were worth an extra \$1,500—in addition to the \$2,250 he earned by playing on a winning quarterfinal team.

For all their trouble, the North Stars immediately got more—Montreal. Much would depend on Gump Worsley, nature's most successful copy of the fireplug—and a man who hates to fly. When last seen, however, the Gumper didn't really need an airplane.

As for Bobby Orr, he said, "I'm going to go home and practice playing hockey."

END

Two lights and exuberant Jim Neilson (15) signal Ranger Bob Nevin's series-winning sudden-death goal against Toronto. Sticks were often up, but New York's — was cool.

ONE MORE BLUR IN A CONFUSION DERBY

Good Behaving won the Wood, which is not much help to Churchill Downs since Good Behaving is not a Derby nominee by WHITNEY TOWER

Last Saturday's Wood Memorial at Aqueduct was supposed to produce a clear-cut favorite for the Kentucky Derby. Hoist The Flag, only candidate for superhorsehood among the 1971 three-year-olds, was out of things with a broken right hind leg and still weeks away from a final decision on the success or failure of emergency surgery. But Eastern Fleet, winner of the Florida Derby, was in the mile-and-an-eighth Wood, and so was Jim French, who had established the superiority of the Eastern colts by flying to California and knocking off Unconscious and other top Western horses in the Santa Anita Derby.

There was also Executioner, who had won the Flamingo and finished a closing second in the Florida Derby. Executioner's owner, Peter Kissel, had said his colt would not run in Kentucky, but even so his presence in the Wood would make it a better test. Then, too, Calumet was sending out the brilliant but erratic Bold and Able to run as an entry with Eastern Fleet, and Greentree had entered its highly promising Sit In The Corner, who seemed ready at last to take on the top colts. Finally, there was Good Behaving, running as a Johnny Campo-trained entry with Jim French. Good Behaving had not been nominated to the Kentucky Derby but had shown a rather distressing habit of beating Triple Crown eligibles.

And who won? Good Behaving, of course, thundering up from last place in the backstretch to finish a length ahead of Eastern Fleet, with Executioner a close third and Jim French fourth. Bold and Able faded after running on the lead for a while, and Sit In The Corner did nothing.

Meanwhile, at Golden Gate Fields near San Francisco the same afternoon, Unconscious regained some of his lost prestige with an impressive victory in

the California Derby, which helped muddle the Kentucky picture even more. The big question making the rounds was: Why wasn't Good Behaving nominated to the Derby before the Feb. 15 deadline? Trainer Campo said, "In February in Florida he didn't show us nothing, so we didn't think he was good enough to nominate him. What difference does it make? I was tickled to death about Jim French's race in the Wood, and he'll go down to Churchill Downs and win it for us anyway."

The "us" in this case does not include Good Behaving's owner, Neil Hellman, from Albany, N.Y., who doesn't really seem to care. "I've got eight horses in training and another five broodmares in Ocala," says Hellman, "and I don't know what everyone is so excited about the Derby for. As far as I'm concerned I'm a New Yorker, and I'd rather win the Belmont Stakes any day. Before that I want to win the Withers mile. My Gleaming Light was disqualified from the Withers two years ago, and I feel we have a rather personal vendetta to get that one back. Then we'll skip the Preakness and aim for the Belmont."

Peter Kissel's earlier announcement that for personal reasons he would not send Executioner to Kentucky, come what may, was reconfirmed. After the Wood—in which Executioner gave up the lead just after the eighth pole—his decision appeared to be a sound one. Some thought that the defection of Hoist The Flag might alter his plans, but even before the Wood Kissel had maintained, "Nobody has to believe me, but I know what I'm saying, and I know what I mean. Executioner will point for the Preakness, just as I said all along."

And Calumet Farm's Eastern Fleet certainly ran a creditable race in the Wood, and Trainer Reggie Cornell definitely plans to fly him to Louisville this week.

"He'll go in the Derby," Cornell said, "and he'll win." The other Calumet entry in the Wood, Bold and Able, tired badly during the last furlong, which hardly indicates that he would relish the longer Derby distance. Calumet's Son Ange is staying in the East, and the stable's fourth Derby eligible, Gleaming, after running a disappointing fifth in an earlier race at Aqueduct last Saturday, will be restricted to turf races for the time being. "In fact," says Cornell, "I may send him to Hollywood Park this week on the same plane that drops Eastern Fleet off in Louisville."

It was no surprise that Unconscious won the California Derby by three lengths in race-record time of 1:47½ (compared to Good Behaving's 1:49½ at Aqueduct). Owner Arthur Sceligion and Trainer John Canty have thought all along that they had more than a useful runner in this son of Arc de Triomphe winner Prince Royal II, and they will definitely send Unconscious to Louisville. It would surprise nobody if Triple Bend, who was second in the California Derby, shows up at Churchill Downs, too, although none of the others from that race is likely to go East.

Meanwhile, at Keeneland, things were getting cranked up for this week's Blue Grass, the nation's final nine-furlong Derby prep. Keeneland's seven-furlong Fore-runner last Friday was supposed to tell something about the Blue Grass and possibly the Derby, but when it was won by a Greentree castoff called Gong Straight—with the two favorites, Vegas Vic (third in the Santa Anita Derby) and Heho Rise (a stakes winner in New Orleans) fifth and seventh—the plot thinned. Earlier in the week Greentree's Dynastic, an impressive second to Executioner in the Flamingo, broke through the gate before the start of another minor race at Keeneland and in the mile-and-a-sixteenth event stopped in the stretch to finish a disappointing third behind Code of Honor and Royal Leverage. Greentree gave Dynastic some starting-gate lessons, a figure-eight nose-hand and a new jockey named Willie Shoemaker before sending him out in the Blue Grass to race Twist The Ave, Sole Mio, Northfields, Limit To Reason and several others who wandered in off the Russell Cave Pike.

Thus, confusion appears to be the theme of this year's Derby, and nowhere



Good Behavior beats Derby eligibles (from right) Eastern Fleet, Executioner, Jim French.

is it better personified than in Jim French, who is becoming something of a mystery horse. The tough little competitor has run nine times already this year and 21 times in his brief career. Always a factor but unable to beat the best Eastern colts at nine furlongs, he handled an unfamiliar track and a top California field with ease in his only trip across the Rockies. There was a report from Santa Anita that Jim French had been given Butazolidin (which is legal in California) before his victory there, but Campo said Saturday that the rumor was not true. Hedgingly, he added, "Wouldn't they have told me out there if I was doing anything wrong?"

After returning to New York (where Butazolidin is not allowed) Jim French still could not beat the two colts, Eastern Fleet and Executioner, who had defeated him over a distance in Florida. "That doesn't matter," says his jockey, Angel Cordero. "He won't have to stay up as close in the Derby as we had to in the Wood. He'll have a better finishing kick, and we will win."

Part of the story of Jim French is his ownership. The colt (a son of Graustark out of the Tom Fool mare Dinner Partner) was bred by Ralph Wilson, who also owns football's Buffalo Bills, and was foaled and raised at Leslie Combs' Spendthrift Farm in Lexington. Wilson raced Jim French for a while as a two-year-old and later, in a complicated bit of back-and-forth, sold him, bought back a part interest and finally sold out entirely to Frank J. Caldwell. Before the Wood, rumors were flying that Jim French was being carved up financially again. A bid of between \$1 million and \$2 million reportedly was made for a half interest in the colt, although there were supposed to be all sorts of what is known in the horse business as "if come" clauses, meaning that any contract would be binding only "if" Jim French fulfilled certain prerequisites—like winning the Kentucky Derby or one of the Triple Crown events, or earning a certain amount of purse money before his retirement. What he does in Kentucky is therefore important. Combs has obtained first refusal for the eventual syndication of Jim French as a sire at Spendthrift, but Combs' interest in the colt may slip considerably if Jim French fails his first "if come" task at Churchill Downs next week. **END**



The battered Baltimore Bullets and the numbed New York Knicks assaulted each other through seven games. When it was all over, the last barrier to the title was the most-feared team in basketball **by PETER CARRY**

WINNER GETS TO PLAY ALCINDOR

Two weeks ago, just as the Baltimore Bullets were preparing to open their semifinal playoff series with the New York Knickerbockers, a parade was scheduled in what Mayor Thomas D'Alesandro likes to call "The City of Champions." The world champion Orioles and Colts would be honored and so would the Clippers, who are considered very tough in the American Hockey League. Even the Baltimore City Fire Department, recent winner of a national firefighting award, was invited. And they asked the Bullets to come along, too, even though their season was not officially over and despite the fact that the appearance of all those injured basketball players with their casts and their crutches might have an unsettling effect on the cheering crowds. Perhaps they would break into an a cappella

rendition of the Colonel Bogey march. Anyway, Coach Gene Shue's cripples could tagtag along.

Certainly, delaying any championship celebration on account of the Bullets seemed absurd at the time. Baltimore apparently had already taken its basketball title for this year by winning something called the NBA's Central Division. The Bullets did it with a 42-40 record, only the ninth best in the league. One of their starting guards, Eddie Miles, had been wearing a cast on his foot since midseason. His replacement, Kevin Loughery, and team captain Gus Johnson were both doubtful performers for the series with New York, not to mention Earl Monroe, whose knees are always impending disasters.

No, the parade was not postponed for the Bullets but because of rain and

perhaps that was fortunate. Now if the parade is ever rescheduled, the Bullets can show up with another championship—of the NBA's Eastern Conference. They upset New York 4-3, swamping the Knicks in three games at Baltimore Civic Center before finally winning one at Madison Square Garden following three losses there. The Bullets might even have another championship—that of the entire NBA—except that their final opponents are Lew Alcindor and the Milwaukee Bucks, who bullied the scarred Los Angeles Lakers in five games.

Baltimore defeated New York with some uncharacteristic team play and by taking advantage of Willis Reed's disabilities. An old knee injury restricted Reed's mobility, as it has all season, and his newly sprained right shoulder wrecked his rebounding and shooting.

Against the Bullets, the Knicks repeatedly failed to compensate for Reed's handicaps. Last year they won because they have excellent shooters at every position, including the bench. In the Baltimore series, while Reed's scoring average slipped badly, most of the other Knick totals fell with it. Their offense often looked flat and motionless, as if waiting for the same sort of psychic boost Reed gave it in the final game last year when he dramatically took the court despite a painfully injured leg.

The opening game, played in New York, established several patterns that persisted throughout the series. The Knicks won 112-111 on Walt Frazier's

two last-minute drives; on one he scored with a layup and on the other he set up an easy basket for Reed. From the outset, the matchup between Willis and Baltimore's Wes Unseld was no contest. The Bullet center soon eliminated Reed's inside game—the quick turn-on moves accompanied by head, shoulder and foot fakes off which Willis likes to shoot his deadly short jump shots. Three times Reed spun into Unseld and each time Wes snatched or slapped the ball away.

For the rest of the series, Reed roamed outside, occasionally attempting long jumpers but rarely figuring importantly in the Knicks' scoring. Frequently out of position away from the basket and

hampered by his sore shoulder, Reed was badly outrebounded by Unseld. By the close of the series, Wes had grabbed twice as many rebounds as Willis and had held his opponent to a shooting average below 40%. "I'm in the habit of leaning against people under the basket, but now I'm afraid to push for fear of damaging my shoulder even more," Reed said. "It also affects my shooting because my right hand is my guiding hand."

"Willis is basically only playing defense and setting picks," said Frazier. "That's enough to get us by if he's in there doing that and containing Unseld."

Containment became Reed's only real weapon and by the fifth game even Unseld remarked about it. "Willis wasn't any kind of factor tonight," he said. "He wasn't even going for rebounds. He was just trying to block me out."

It also became apparent in the first game that Baltimore's style was suddenly much more restrained. The Bullets have long been a team with too many itchy trigger fingers, and the only consistent part of their offense was that the man with the ball was much more apt to shoot it than pass it. Several years of cajoling by Coach Gene Shue and an injury to Unseld late this season apparently changed some Bullet ideas. Without Unseld around to retrieve all their missed shots, the gunners began to think before they fired, a trend that continued after Wes rejoined the team for the playoffs. The Bullets worked their patterns carefully against New York, consistently eating away most of the time on the 24-second clock before shooting. Even Earl Monroe, the sport's most spectacular one-on-one player, who needs the fastest opening to score, picked his spots with some restraint. The Knicks' Dave DeBusschere remarked that some of his own team's offensive lethargy could be blamed on the slow tempo being set by the once freewheeling Bullets.

"It's never been my design to force things," said Shue. "My biggest coaching problem has been to get a bunch of strong-willed one-on-one players to run the offense. We have a lot of schoolyard players who think they can do it all on their own, but they can't."

Unseld's control of the pivot and the cohesive Bullet style compensated somewhat for Baltimore's lack of personnel and the cool performance of Frazier, the only Knick who enjoyed an excep-

continued

Helping out Reed (19), who could barely jump or raise his right arm, DeBusschere fought Unseld on the boards throughout the series. To offset New York's static offense, Riordan drove well against Monroe.



tional series. Jack Marin, a misfit on the Bullets simply because he has not had an injury serious enough to keep him out of the team's last 374 games, sat out much of the first half of the opener with foul trouble. In the second game Baltimore trailed by only six points with seven minutes remaining, but lost by 19. Monroe and Loughery were both injured, and Unseld and John Tresvant came close to fouling out.

Johnson, who had played very well

Philly I felt like I could've cut my leg off. When that Xylocane wears off it's not just a downer, it's a flip-out." Johnson, rumored to have signed a contract with Pittsburgh of the ABA for next year, was replaced by Tresvant, a bench-warmer on the Pistons when DelBasschere was the Detroit player-coach. He harassed his old boss effectively after being outplayed in the first game.

In both of the first two games in New York, it was the Knicks' defense that ul-

Loughery get hurt and Wes gets into foul trouble."

The Bullets were not bothered by such mishaps in the third and fourth games, played at the Civic Center. Marin and Monroe scored 105 points in the two games as Baltimore won 114-88 and 104-80. In the first of these, Unseld put on an extraordinary show, scoring on eight of nine shots, assisting on nine baskets and pulling down 26 rebounds. "Wes kept yelling at me to get more rebounds, but then he wouldn't let me have any," Marin said. The Knicks' score in the second game was their lowest in seven years as the Bullets checked them with a defense described by Fred Carter as aggressive without contact. "We've got so few players, we can't afford to give fouls even when it's to our advantage," said Carter, who became a starter in Loughery's place. Shue has never admired the standard NBA tactic of "giving fouls" and he all but discarded the practice during the playoffs to protect his limited supply of players. In the games in Baltimore, the Bullets rarely had to worry about fouling the Knicks for any reason. Without Reed to provide a threat in the middle, New York is essentially a perimeter-shooting team. Players moving along the outside of the defense, rather than driving through it are easier to guard. In their first two wins, the Bullets committed only 33 fouls.

In the fifth game in New York the Bullets were called for only 18 personals and they held the Knicks to 89 points. But New York's defense was even tougher allowing the Bullets, who shot only 33%, just 84 points. Once again it was Walt Frazier who led the way, scoring 28, including a tough jumper with less than a minute to play—and with two seconds on the 24-second clock and Baltimore trailing by just two points. Frazier had help from Mike Riordan, who showed how variety on offense could help New York as he surprised Baltimore with successive—and successful—drives.

In this game New York purposely surrendered its offensive board to the Bullets, something which had been happening unintentionally throughout the series. Instead of attempting to wrestle with Unseld for rebounds they rarely got, the Knicks, always one of the quickest teams in the league at dropping back to cover the fast break, fell away from the boards and attempted to sever Baltimore's passing lanes. At least one, and often two,

continued



Double-teaming and trap defenses by Milwaukee—here Robertson and Gendridge pick up McMillen at the base line—forced L.A. into turnovers.

in the Bullets' previous series with Philadelphia during which his sore left knee was repeatedly injected with a pain-killer, found he could not bend his leg the day before the opener with New York. Unwilling to take any more shots, he decided to sit down until some natural mobility returned to the knee. "I just couldn't take it anymore," he said. "For 2½ days after the last game against

tunately won for them, forcing 42 Bullet turnovers and keeping New York in the games when the offense sputtered. Even after the wide final margin of the second game, Frazier remained displeased with the Knick performance. "We've played way below average," he said. "We just can't seem to get together and put them away unless we get something like today, when Earl and

After she sees you in
your Manhattan[®] Nut[®] Shirt,
she'll notice how you spend
your Saturdays.



You come on first with Kodel[®]

"Nuts" about skydiving? Crazy about sport cars? Whatever it is, do your thing in style. New high and low pockets, nut & bolt buttons, long collar, contrasting stitching. In Springmaid durable-press "Potentia" broadcloth of Kodel polyester and cotton. Eight colors. Made to sell for about \$9. At fine stores.



EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company, 1133 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036.
Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or apparel.

Mercury's ride rated better expensive

Official results of blindfold tests show 57 people picked Mercury to 33 for a



The tests on Jan. 23-29: 100 people rated ours against a \$16,000 limousine. Another 100 against a \$26,000 European road car.



The people included businessmen, teachers, attorneys, engineers, artists, physicians—most of them fine-car owners.



The blindfolds insured objectivity. Ratings were based solely on smoothness, steadiness, quietness and overall ride.



Write for Official Test Report

The complete document detailing test procedures, names of participants and results is available to you on request. Write to the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, P.O. Box 34235, Washington, D.C. 20034.



1. Mercury Marquis starts with a ride that's superior to some of the world's most prestigious cars. That's not just a claim. It's now part of the official record. Certified by the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute.

2. Then adds the best styling ideas from the luxury class. An elegantly textured grille set off by concealed headlamps. An imposing power dome hood. Fender skirts. And the Brougham's chrome-edged vinyl roof.

than two of the world's most luxury cars.

\$16,000 limousine. 59 favored Mercury to 31 for a \$26,000 European touring car.



The chauffeurs were professionals. Participants had the same driver in both cars. Courses were identical. Speeds comparable.



The route covered approximately 2.9 miles in Bel Air, Cal. It included curves, bumps, hills, traffic noises and signal lights.



The results were eye-opening. A majority picked Mercury's ride. In addition, 20 of the 200 people rated the cars "about even."



B. Result: a better medium-priced car. The Marquis Brougham (above) has standard: 429 cu. in. V-8, automatic transmission, power steering, windows and brakes. Mercury makes better cars to buy, rent or lease.

Better ideas make better cars.

MERCURY

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



A better idea for safety: Buckle up!

WINSTON'S DOWN HOME TASTE!



A woman with curly hair is sitting in a chair by a large window, reading a newspaper and smoking a cigarette. The window looks out onto a green, leafy landscape. In the bottom right corner, there is a pack of Winston cigarettes.

**Real and rich and good
like a cigarette should.**

Winston
FILTER-CIGARETTES
FULL-RICH
TOBACCO FLAVOR

© 1971 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.
20 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV. '70.

players lunged at Unsel with arms raised to obscure his vision and occasionally deflect his passes. The other Knicks scrambled downcourt to cover the remaining Bulls, effectively halting Baltimore's running game. Unsel was often forced to wait for one of his teammates to circle back to take short laterals from him. The result gave the impression that Baltimore was playing its most cohesive offense, passing and running patterns more frequently, but even a team man like Gene Shue would have preferred not being pressured into it this way. The tactic forced Baltimore to grind out its baskets and was responsible for the Bulls' low shooting percentage.

New York did not continue these tactics in Sunday's sixth game, at Baltimore. With Monroe playing sleight-of-hand tricks for 27 points and Johnson finally back in the lineup, the Bulls broke away in the first half. The final score of 113-96 was a great deal closer than the game itself.

New York and Baltimore fans can grouse all they want about injuries, but the undisputed champions in that category are the Lakers, who deserve a special trophy of their own. Call it the Dr. Robert Kerlan Fractured Fibula of Fate, a scalpel mounted on a plaster leg cast and garnished with three torn cartilage clusters, and award it to Coach Joe Mullaney. Since he took over Jack Kent Cooke's entourage of superstars last season, Mullaney has had Wilt Chamberlain, Elgin Baylor and Jerry West in the lineup together for 31 of 194 games.

Baylor, who played only two games this season, and West were both absent with leg injuries during the Lakers' first-round, 4-3 victory over the Chicago Bulls. Without them, Los Angeles did not figure to press the Bucks, and if Mullaney still harbored any wild notions of an upset, they soon disappeared. On the day of the second game against Milwaukee (the Lakers lost the first two 106-85 and 91-73), Forward-Guard Keith Erickson, an excellent defender, underwent major abdominal surgery. Erickson's replacement, Pat Riley, was considered a promising young pro three years ago before he too wrecked one of his knees. As the Lakers' fifth guard this season Riley rarely played and, although he performed better than anyone expected against the Bucks, his presence in the starting lineup was proof of the depths of Mullaney's dilemma.

In fact, things were so bad when the Lakers returned to Los Angeles for the third game that the regular Forum organist, Gaylord Carter, a "Master of the Wurlitzer," and PA man John Ramsey were both out of action. Carter was replaced by an artist named Joe Enos, mastery unspecified; Ramsey, whose Dodger commitment has priority, was replaced by an announcer acquired from San Diego, presumably on waivers.

Largely because of the Bucks' lethargy and partially because of a gimmicky four-man stack offense Mullaney installed to neutralize the Milwaukee double teams and traps that had caused numerous Laker turnovers in the first two games, Los Angeles surprised the Bucks 118-107. It is a measure of Milwaukee's hunger this season that the Bucks were deeply disturbed by the loss, which easily could have been accepted as a fluke. Lew Alcindor's substitute, Dick Cunningham, muttered from between tightened jaws as he walked toward the Milwaukee dressing room, "I guess now we'll have to show these guys like we did San Francisco."

In the opening playoff round, the Warriors had beaten the Bucks in one game, only to have Milwaukee come back and bury them by 50 points in the next. The winning Buck margins in their third and fourth victories over Los Angeles were not so extravagant, but they did win by 23 and 18 points. The third victory was the more important, not only because it occurred in Los Angeles and stilled any remaining Laker hopes for an upset, but also because it provided a jubilant setting for celebrating Alcindor's birthday. Lew, it turns out, is only 24, even though the publicity that began for him in high school makes it seem that he became a national basketball figure about the same time as George Mikan. Chamberlain outplayed Alcindor in the first three games, but on his birthday Lew took over, scoring 31 points and grabbing 20 rebounds to Wilt's totals of 15 and 16. His performance led the Bucks to a freewheeling 117-94 victory in which the team shot an astonishing 61.9%.

Perhaps because of their formidable strength when the season began, it has gone largely unnoticed that the Bucks improved considerably during the year. Milwaukee's defense is now one of the best in the league and Oscar Robertson's steady hand has accelerated the maturing process of his young teammates.

More important, Robertson has pulled his own game together. The Bucks were merely content with Oscar's play in the first half of the season. At 32, Robertson was lugging around a fleshy midsection and had lost some speed. Before midseason, he rarely displayed his usual assertiveness on offense, apparently preferring to let Lew do it. But during Milwaukee's record 20-game win streak late in the year, it was Oscar's scoring thrusts that led the Bucks to repeated victories.

Robertson was bothered by a slight muscle pull during the opening phases of the playoffs, but by the end of the Los Angeles series he appeared to be near top condition. The Bucks now have the look of a champion. When the real trophies are handed out, including the \$16,000 share to each player on the winning team, everything should go to Milwaukee.

END



Driving for a layup, Riley flips his shot over intimidating reach of big Lew.

A century-old mining act permits almost anyone to grab off a chunk of public lands for his own purposes. Now it has come in direct conflict with the fledgling Environmental Act. A legal showdown is imminent

WHEN A LAW

by **BIL GILBERT**

FIGHTS A LAW

Those encountering the Mining Law of 1872 for the first time find it an incredible act. Literally, they do not believe such a law can exist. Yet there it is on the books, giving—to industry or any citizen—license to take over huge tracts of the nation's public lands.

Before the act was passed a hundred years ago there was no national mining law, but there was a lot of mining and passion and money tied up in mineral exploration and exploitation. Unable to start afresh, or believing it politically imprudent to do so, the Congress simply collected most of the traditions, practices and local laws then current in the Western mining country, roughly codified them and declared them the law of the land. The resulting statute, with all its vagaries, loopholes and contradictions, more or less defies summarization. What follows is simply a listing of those of its provisions that prom-

inently affect the country's public lands.

- The law provides that on most of our public lands (virtually all of the 450 million acres of the Bureau of Land Management, the 140 million acres under the jurisdiction of the U.S. Forest Service and even on portions of our national parks and federal wildlife refuges) any American may stake a mining claim. To do so he simply marks off the claim area and then registers its location at a county courthouse where he must pay a token fee (in most states the charge is about \$1.50 per claim). Claims are usually 20 acres in size but a man may stake as many of them as he wants. He is not required to ask permission of a public lands agency, *e.g.*, the Forest Service, before staking the claim. After he has done so, he is not required to inform the agency where his claim is or what he plans to do with it.

- Having staked a claim on public lands,

the claimant can immediately begin mining operations. He may erect living quarters on the claimed land for himself and his employees. To facilitate mining operations he may timber the land, raise crops, pasture livestock on it and make use of its water resources. He may not be denied access to his claim and can construct a road—anything from a donkey trail to a paved highway—to it. He must obtain a permit from the Forest Service for his road, but the agency cannot deny the permit, only require that the builder meet certain specifications.

- A mining claim, though it is on public lands, may be sold or traded for private gain. No federal taxes are paid on a claim since the land theoretically belongs to the public.

- In general there are only two ways in which a claimant can lose his land. If he fails to make token (\$100 worth) improvements on the claim each year, an-





THE DECIDING BATTLE MAY BE WAGED OVER ASH CANYON IN ARIZONA'S HUACHUCA MOUNTAINS (ABOVE)

other prospector may restate the land and claim it for himself. Secondly, a claimant may lose his land (but, on the other hand, may gain almost perpetual use of it) through validation proceedings. Under this process a public-lands agency sends a mineral examiner to look at the claim. He makes a report of his findings to the Bureau of Land Management, a division of the Department of the Interior. If it appears that a "prudent man" can conduct a profitable operation on the claim, it is validated, which means the claim holder can do more or less anything he wants with it. If, on the other hand, the mineral examiner does not find evidence that a prudent man could turn a profit, the BLM will invalidate the claim. The miner must leave it and the land reverts to the public. However, a miner whose claim has been invalidated may appeal the BLM decision, first through a series of administrative tribunals in the Depart-

ment of the Interior and from there to the federal courts. Large mining companies usually ask that their claims be validated prior to commencing operations so as to avoid future disputes. However, this is not necessary. In effect, a claim is treated as valid until the BLM declares it invalid. Agencies do not enter into these proceedings lightly as they are costly in terms of money, manpower and time. Even an uncontested invalidation case may take 18 months and a hard, messy one may drag on for a decade. Finally—and most ironic of all—the day after a claim is invalidated, another would-be miner may restate it.

- A claim holder may also patent his land. He simply applies to the BLM for the patent and provides evidence that he can make a profit from the land. The BLM then patents his claim, which means that the land becomes his private property—the patent being a valid

land deed. In theory virtually all of our national forest land is open to being patented; and, in fact, hundreds of thousands of acres have in this way been transferred to private control.

The mining industry, by whom and for whom the Mining Law of 1872 was created, believes it to be a splendid law and that any tampering with it will inevitably result in the destruction of the American way of life. The industry is, however, very cautious about making public statements on the controversial questions being raised these days by land managers, environmentalists and lawyers. Many of these people feel the mining law has created devastating land problems and abuses. For example:

The law not only permits but encourages (by giving subsidies in the form of virtually free land) spectacular and speculative exploitation. Millions of acres of land are vulnerable to despoliation,

continued

not because they possess minerals of value but because a miner has a hunch they might, and it costs him little or nothing to play his hunch.

If a mining claim can be regarded, as it often has been in the courts, as giving its holder *de facto* ownership of public lands, then no public-lands agency can be sure exactly how much land it controls or how it can manage its holdings. There may be as much as 20 million acres of national forest lands encumbered by mining claims. At least, that is one estimate. The uncertainty about just how many acres are involved arises from the fact that the claimant does not need to tell the land agency when he claims land from it.

Perhaps the most notorious abuse of the mining law has had nothing to do with either real or hunch mining. For generations Westerners who wanted a nice secluded site for a summer cabin, real-estate development, resort or, in a few cases, a gambling casino or house of infamy would simply stake a claim or claims in a national forest and proceed to occupy and use the land as they so desired. During the last decade the Forest Service has been trying to crack down on some of these "illegal occupancy" cases and retrieve some of this fraudulently claimed land. However, given the ubiquitousness of the practice (over 100,000 claims have been examined so far) and the limited resources of the agencies involved (the Forest Service employs only 40 mineral examiners, the BLM about 60), the best guess is that it will take another 20 years to clean up just the current cases.

For those who think it a bad statute, the worst feature of the Mining Law of 1872 is that it gives public agencies no real autonomy in the use of their own land. No matter how valuable a tract may be for grazing, timbering, recreation, no matter what its water, wildlife, wilderness or scenic values may be, a miner, if he wants the land, is entitled to take it. No other special-interest group has been so favored. Ranchers and lumbermen have been granted certain privileges over the years on public lands, but even they must secure permits and pay fees. The miner needs nothing under the law of 1872.

Currently the Forest Service is involved in a series of major disputes in

which miners, attempting to exercise their rights under the mining law, are threatening valuable Forest Service resources—the home waters of the rare cutthroat trout in the Humboldt Forest of Nevada; the entire White Cloud mountain complex in Idaho's Sawtooth Forest; the Stillwater area in Montana's Custer National Forest. These are the most prominent of the current confrontations between Forest Service and mining interests.

In the final analysis, however, another dispute—and the solution of it—may prove more consequential. This case, relatively small in terms of land and resources, involves Ash Canyon in the Huachuca Mountains of southern Arizona. Here a few forest rangers are trying a new approach in defense of their lands.

The Huachucas are little-known mountains but in some respects they are unique. Rising at the Mexican border, they extend 25 miles northward, with their highest peaks soaring to about 9,500 feet. Surrounding the Huachucas is the Sonoran Desert. What makes these mountains singular is their range of climate. There are in the foothill canyons microenvironments that are tropical and more than a mile up on the mountain peaks ones that are subarctic. In consequence the flora and fauna is unusually varied. A greater assortment of reptiles, birds and mammals can be found in the Huachucas than in any comparably sized area in the U.S.

By and large the mountains are still wilderness. There has always been some ranching, lumbering and mining but, due to the difficult terrain and the lack of resources therabouts, the mountains have not really been disturbed. Most of the range belongs to the Forest Service, being part of the mammoth Coronado National Forest. Just two rangers are assigned to oversee the Huachucas and adjacent valleys, a 300,000-acre chunk of land. The supervisor is Adrian Hill, a Forest Service veteran, and his assistant is Chuck Shipp, a young ranger who was assigned to the district last June. The area also has two full-time non-professional maintenance men. These four men are responsible for everything that goes on in the district—fighting fires, erosion and floods, issuing grazing and camping permits, enforcing the provisions of the permits, cutting trails, clear-

ing springs, building impoundments, locating lost hunters and hikers, assisting miners.

The two regular rangers spend much of their time simply driving, horsebacking and hiking about their vast domain trying to find out what is happening within it. Last July 29 while making a routine patrol along the eastern flank of the Huachucas, Chuck Shipp discovered what looked like trouble in Ash Canyon, one of the many canyons that scar and torture the sides of the Huachucas.

An elderly prospector named Bill King, who had held some claims in Ash Canyon and had peeked away at them for beans for more than a quarter of a century, had leased his holdings and become associated with one Alvin C. Hartley of Los Angeles and Las Vegas. Both men have a certain amount of notoriety. King had come into possession of his claims after killing an early partner, James Kelly. He was acquitted of the murder but retains the reputation of being a formidable gunman. He wears a six-shooter on his belt and normally cradles a .30-30 over his arm. Over the years King has run off more than one innocent visitor to the section of national forest on which he holds mining claims. His cohort Hartley is a bit less colorful but has had trouble with the law, too. He is on parole from California and has convictions for receiving stolen property and carrying a concealed weapon.

At their first meeting Hartley told Chuck Shipp that he had organized something called Cochise Mining and Exploration, Inc. He planned, he said, with the advice of his technical expert, Bill King, to take a lot of gold out of Ash Canyon, build some roads through it to the west side of the mountains, strip 150 acres for placer operations and construct a placer mill and wells.

"Right from the beginning this whole Ash Canyon thing really bothered us," recalls Shipp, who by temperament and age is an environmental activist. "In the first place there is no history of productive mining in the Huachucas, no mineral survey that justified the kind of operation Hartley was talking about. But the mountains have very important natural, wildlife and recreational values. It seemed almost criminal to tear them apart for marginal mining operations."

continued



THE AMBASSADOR

**IS PURELY AND SIMPLY THE ONLY
1971 STATION WAGON IN THE WORLD WITH
AIR-CONDITIONING, AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION AND
A V-8 ENGINE AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT.**

And that's not all. The Ambassador's impressive list of standard equipment also includes a roof rack, a dual hinged tailgate and full wheel covers.

And that's not all. You get something usually found on only the most expensive cars: coil spring seats for couch-like comfort.

Also, to carry your comfort close to the extreme, you ride on a 4-wheel coil spring suspension.

And that should be enough for anybody.

American Motors 

The week was a grind with phone calls and late nights and skipping lunches but now the job is done and . . .

This...is the L&M moment.



Light up, lean back and just plain don't do a thing but relax. With the easy-going richness of your L&M. It's time well-spent. **RICH, RICH L&M**

10 mg "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. ©1997 L&M



Also, it seemed to us that this scheme in Ash Canyon had the smell of a promotion, not a legitimate mining operation. We got the feeling that Ash Canyon—and maybe more of this range—was to be guied not for gold but for a few photographs in a stock prospectus."

This latter suspicion was confirmed by an investigation conducted by the Arizona Corporation Commission. Last winter the commission found that Hartley, an unregistered stock salesman, had peddled unregistered shares in Cochise Mining and Exploration. It ordered Hartley to cease and desist in this felonious activity, but the order was of an empty, post-factum sort. Late in November, Hartley left the Huachuca scene for Mexico, taking with him a hundred glossy Cochise stock certificates. He has not been seen since.

Between the end of July and mid-December, Shipp made 38 trips to Ash Canyon (on one visit he was unable to proceed up a Forest Service road, being blocked by Bill King and his six-shooter). Cochise Mining and Exploration began building a placer mill and, more important, cutting without permit a 1½-mile, 130-foot-wide road up Ash Canyon across Forest Service land. Shipp was convinced that the work already done had seriously and adversely affected drainage patterns in the canyon. It also seemed obvious to the ranger that if Hartley should return and settle his curious financial and legal problems, he could and would mount new operations in the Huachucas that would further ravage the land.

Shipp telephoned Ray Russell, the director of mining and recreation resources at the Tucson headquarters of the Coronado National Forest. "Ray had been following the case," says Shipp, "and I guess I told him in effect that they had sent me down here to protect a public resource and I didn't feel I had any authority to do so. We'd lost a good part of Ash Canyon and the chances were we'd lose more. I asked Ray if he had any suggestions. I also made a suggestion. We'd all been getting directives about the new Environmental Act and I asked Ray if there was anything in that which might help us. He said we would take a look."

Russell looked, and then he decided to do three things. He started proceed-



ARMED WITH SHOVEL, SIX SHOOTER AND ONE LAW, BILL KING WORKS HIS CLAIM

ings leading toward a trespass hearing in federal court, charging King and Hartley with cutting a road without permit in Ash Canyon. He got in touch with the nearest Forest Service mineral inspector and asked that the King-Hartley claims be examined to see if they could be invalidated. Both of these actions were more or less conventional ones under the old rules of the Forest Service-Mining Law game. However, the third step Russell took, or rather suggested be taken, was extraordinary, something that nobody within the Forest Service had ever thought of doing before. Russell asked that the Forest Service seek a federal injunction, based principally on the provisions of the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969 (hereafter NEPA), to halt all mining operations in Ash Canyon while a study of the environmental impact of such operations was made.

"I am not a lawyer," Russell says, "but it seems to me under Section 102 of NEPA if any land changes are contemplated we are required to make an environmental impact study before the changes are permitted. So I applied this to Ash Canyon. The mining operations

that King and Hartley were talking about there would certainly result in environmental changes. O.K., so we are required to make a study on the consequences of these changes. This kind of study will cost some money, tie up a lot of men and take a lot of time. Suppose we start such a study. The Mining Law and the Environmental Act appear to be in basic conflict. I thought maybe Ash Canyon would be a good place to find out where we stood legally—which law we should obey."

Clyde Doran, the Coronado National Forest supervisor, approved Russell's recommendation that the service seek a NEPA injunction in Ash Canyon and started the request for such action through departmental channels. Also, before paper work on the recommendation was completed, Doran made the matter public. He told the local press about Russell's proposal—that they were going to try to get permission to do something absolutely new, challenge the Mining Law of 1872 on the grounds it was in conflict with the Environmental Act.

Change, especially precedent-setting action, unsettles all bureaucracies, and the Forest Service is no different. If the

continued

service pushed for an injunction and all that it implied, it would certainly become involved in a bitter battle with the mining industry.

"The whole question is of special interest to us in the Coronado," Clyde Doran says, "since there are indications we may have more rather than less mining activity here in the future." It is something of an understatement when Doran says there are "indications" of future mining ventures and problems in southern Arizona. During the past 18 months it is estimated that some 250,000 acres of Doran's 1,800,000-acre forest have been staked in claims by giant mining concerns—Anaconda, Hanna Mining, Hecla, Kerr-McGee. When old claims and new claims by small operators such as Hartley and King are added, it is likely that somewhere between a third and a half of the Coronado is not, in a practical sense and according to the Mining Law, a public forest at all—it is a potential mine.

The reason for this sudden interest in southern Arizona mineral deposits is gossiped about openly within the mining community. The big operators are fearful to certain that they will soon lose control over major foreign holdings—that their mining properties in Chile, Peru and elsewhere in South America will be nationalized. Therefore, they are looking for domestic mines, particularly in Arizona where there are minerals and favorable tax laws. These political and economic factors, along with the ever-increasing demand for metal products, make it almost certain that mining pressure on national forest lands will markedly increase during the next few years. They also explain why land managers like Doran believe that if the Forest Service does not now get additional authority to control, direct and tame the explorers, they may shortly have very little land left to manage.

The National Environmental Policy Act to which Russell and Doran have turned in the Ash Canyon case is, like the Mining Law, not well understood, but for different reasons. It is so new that few are certain whether it is a real law or simply another pious statement of good intentions.

"I have a theory," says Malcolm Boldwin, a young lawyer employed by the Conservation Foundation, one of the most respected organizations along Washington's Environmental Row in collection of offices and chambers in the vicinity of DuPont Circle, lying mostly between Massachusetts Avenue and the National Rifle Association. "Until a law is fought over, either before it is passed or later in the courts, nobody really knows what it means. There have been few suits to date involving NEPA. It was written mostly by Scoop Jackson's staff and there was no great debate. You didn't have, say, the American Mining Congress and the Sierra Club at each other's throats when it was being considered. In fact, nobody paid much attention to it—it just eased through. This business in Arizona may provide a significant test case. Obviously if the Forest Service has enough nerve to ask for a NEPA injunction, it could be a formidable weapon."

It is said that a motto of the Devil is "Let's organize this thing." If true, his

Satanic Majesty probably created the concept of the Regional Office. Regional Offices—religious, educational, military, corporate, federal neither sow nor reap. They are not concerned with ideas and policy, which is the business of Headquarters, nor with action—chasing bulldozers out of canyons, which is the work of the field staff. However, they are exquisite instruments for muddying ideas until they cannot be translated into action, for muddling action so that it cannot influence ideas or policy. The function and ambition of a Regional Man is to huddle dusty linen, keep boats from rocking and at all times present a very low profile.

The Albuquerque office of the U.S. Forest Service is not that different from regional offices everywhere. Having been brought into the Ash Canyon case during the second week of January, Albuquerque did what Regional Offices do best—sat down tight on the whole affair. The request for a NEPA injunction looked as if it would not be approved, disapproved or bucked on to Washington, where decisions are made. In what passed for furious action at this administrative level, the Regional Office promised to send a Regional Attorney to Tucson in late February to discuss with the Coronado foresters the implications of a NEPA injunction. The first meeting was postponed but the conference was finally held a few weeks ago. The attorney is now in Washington and is said to be formulating his case. So that is how the matter officially stands at the moment.

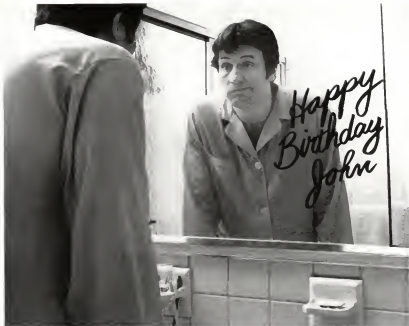
Fortunately, the Ash Canyon affair has broken out of channels. While anonymous Albuquerque men were brooding over the embryonic case, word of its imminent hatching spread. On March 17 Arizona Congressman Morris Udall submitted a bill to the House of Representatives that would drastically revise the Mining Law of 1872.

Ash Canyon and the issues it raises, the challenge to the Mining Law, the question of the public right to regulate use of public lands, has become too large and knobby to be stuffed back in any Regional Man's bag. Like it or not, injunction or not, Ash Canyon has become a case to which we are all party. The proceedings promise to be long and difficult.

END



DORAN CHALLENGED THE OLD CODE



When you add up to thirty plus...

add some more peace of mind.

Mirror, mirror on the wall, thirty plus is the best age of all.

It's the good age when you're on your way up.

When the awkwardness of your earlier youth is behind you.

When your dreams are beginning to show fulfillment.

It is also the age of more responsibility.

Maybe a second child, a bigger and more expensive home, a sweet wife who has grown accustomed to

your better way of life.

How do you protect all this? By the simplest, safest way possible—with more life insurance.

This birthday, treat yourself to greater peace of mind.

Call your New York Life Agent. He's a good man to know.



New York Life Insurance Company
51 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10010
Life, Group and Health Insurance,
Annuities, Pension Plans.

For a happier life



LOOKING FOR KICKS AND A FEW BUCKS, TOO

Equipped with a fighting name and a handful of karate titles, muscular young Joe Lewis decided to invent his own sport. The trouble is, he has already run out of opponents to kickbox **by DAN LEVIN**

"City Squire Motor Inn, hello."

"Joe Lewis please."

"Joe Lewis, the fighter?"

"You got it."

"Oh." (Aside: "Has Joe Lewis checked in?") "Sorry, he's not here. We'd all know if he was."

"Wait a minute. Not *that* Joe Lewis. This one is L-e-w-i-s. He's only 27. He's the heavyweight kickboxing champion of the United States."

"The *what*?"

of broiled fish and a baked potato, finally shunting the empty potato skin aside. "Eat it, vitamins," someone said, and Lewis responded by tightening his arms and chest. On his left bicep a large vein stood out, visible even through the cloth of his shirt. Down the shirtfront, buttons appeared ready to pop. Joe Lewis grinned. "Do I look like I'm suffering from a lack of potato skins?" he asked quietly. He was young and strong and, even though he was the wrong L-s, in a sport no one ever heard of, confident.

That night young Joe Lewis would defend his kickboxing title for the first time, against a mystery named Ronnie Barkoot. It was rumored Barkoot could

drive his foot through three cinder blocks, but Lewis was unworried. "I may not look particularly confident," he said, "but you can see it in my eyes." If a man's eyes are truly the window of his soul, then Barkoot was in trouble. Lewis seemed startlingly self-assured. He had come to fight in New York's moldering Sunnyside Gardens, he said, after only two professional kickboxing matches, to interest Madison Square Garden in its first kickboxing card. It never occurred to him that the Garden would not be interested.

Ronnie Barkoot, it turned out, was 29, a karate instructor from Columbia, S.C. and a former state karate champion. There was a softness at his waist,

Energy, energy," Joe Lewis growled playfully, starting his prefight lunch with a giant bowl of strawberries and ice cream, following it with a slab

and before the fight he seemed dejected, his eyes downcast; perhaps it was the sight of Lewis' torso. As the fight began Barkoot seemed to overreact to the bell, charging out with whirling karate kicks that failed to land. Lewis stayed away for half a minute, then brought down Barkoot's guard with a faked kick, thudded a right to his chest and floored him with a left hook. Barkoot wobbled up but at 1:15 of Round 1 he bounced off the ropes into another left hook and onto his back. That was the fight. As Lewis paraded cockily around the ring minutes later, his arm raised in victory, Barkoot was still unable to stand.

After the fight Joe Lewis sat on the ring apron for nearly an hour, signing autographs, smiling and kidding with a group of wide-eyed teen-age girls. Despite the glances of boyfriends, some of the young ladies returned two or three times with their slips of paper, presumably more interested in the towel-draped kickboxer with the Prince Valiant haircut than in his sport. Finally Lewis excused himself and walked toward his dressing room for more talk and, eventually, to dress.

In the audience there had been the constant expectation of something vicious and exotic but, except for the limited kicking, Lewis had looked like a conventional boxer. He said he had not needed much kicking to beat Barkoot and, anyway, he liked the punching part better. Not, he said, that he would ever want to become a conventional boxer. Joe Ortillo, whom Lewis met in California and who at one time was considered one of this country's finest heavyweight prospects, swore that Lewis could become a contender in two years, but, at only 195 pounds, Lewis was not tempted. He might have to fight 215-pounders with longer reaches who had been boxing all their lives. No, he would stick with kickboxing and karate, where he felt safer, even if his opponents did not.

Joe Lewis has been the world karate champion for the last five years. He won the U.S. karate championship in Texas in 1968 using what karate men call a side kick. En route to the championship he won a semifinal match that lasted three seconds, or about as long as it took

Lewis to deliver the side kick. His opponent, with a number of his ribs crushed, both kidneys ruptured and his liver mashed, was not about to continue.

"With Barkoot," Lewis said as he left his shower, "I just used my arm. I'm afraid to think what would have happened if I'd really put my body into it." He said this disinterestedly, like the smart boy on the block who had just dissected his first frog. "I've always tried to understand people," he said, "and I knew I could beat Barkoot as soon as he stood up from his stool. He was stiff. There was no confidence in his eyes. He projected a feeling of uncertainty, and everyone in his corner looked the same."

The fight had followed 10 yawn-filled hours of karate competition, the crowd kept alert by an announcer whose real calling was the carnival midway. "Stick around folks," he barked. "Joe Lewis will be here. . . . Joe Lewis has arrived. . . . Folks, Joe Lewis comes on next."

Surprisingly, Lewis' appearance in the ring was not greeted with the unalloyed delight one would have expected for a great and surpassing champion, although it obviously was the highlight of the evening. Many people had come to see Lewis lose. Between 1966 and 1969 Lewis won 26 karate titles, and somewhere along the line he got bored with the bowing and stiff ceremony that traditionalists love so. In fact, he actively rejects the almost religious rituals of the sport. "I never believed in that Oriental sportsmanship humble bullsh!p anyway," he says. "I think it's the most messed-up philosophy in the world."

Karate, Lewis began to realize, was an art whose skills could never be fully used competitively. The only legal outlets for its blows were the breaking of boards that TV is so crazy about—"show business," Lewis says derisively—or self-defense, and who was going to pick on Joe Lewis? "I could never understand why we couldn't put on boxing gloves and just go at it," he says, so two years ago he began developing and teaching a brand of superkarate called, not too pathetically, Joe Lewis-Style Self-Defense.

JLSSD differed radically from karate, with its straight punches and limited bare-handed contact. Lewis and his fol-

lowers not only put on the gloves, they threw all-out hooks and uppercuts. Since they were not going to wear gloves on their feet, they decided to outlaw side and back kicks to the head. These, they pointed out, could kill. Instead, they would limit foot-to-head contact to less powerful—and just slightly more humane—kicks such as the round and the crescent. These hurt a good deal but usually they do not destroy.

Joe Lewis-Style Self-Defense was introduced in public last January at the Long Beach (Calif.) Arena, but not under that cumbersome title. When Lewis was convincing leery Promoter Lee Faulkner to stage an exhibition, inevitably he had to describe his sport. Neither Lewis nor



Faulkner ever mentioned the word kickboxing, which is what Thailand calls its national game, but when Lewis later entered the ring to fight Greg Baines, a topkarate heavyweight, for some strange reason the announcer said the dread word, "Kickboxing." Lewis has been stuck with the name ever since and, as he points out, there is only the mildest similarity between the Oriental sport and

continued

his Thai kicking, he says, is less powerful and its punching is relatively poor.

The fight followed a program of 20 or so karate matches, and as Lewis and Baines left their dressing rooms they had to awaken a guard who had been sleeping soundly in his chair by their doors. The part of the audience that was still around seemed numbed by the experience. It did not help matters that three days before the exhibition Lewis had broken his left hand when a sparring partner kicked him. Lewis was forced to jab with his power side, his right, and his punching was not the authoritative last word Lewis had grown to expect of himself. Still, the whistling authority of the right roused the small crowd and intimidated Baines. Midway through the second round Lewis drove Baines to the ropes with a right hook to the temple, then finished him with another to the jaw. People milled around the ring, and

the guard was jumping up and down. "That was the most exciting thing I've ever seen," he shouted.

A few weeks later Lee Faulkner, persuaded that maybe the Thais did have a good thing going with their name, formed the U.S. Kickboxing Association. Its first heavyweight championship was set for last July in the Dallas Memorial Auditorium, provided Lewis could find an opponent. Boxers did not know how to kick, and even the best karate men were afraid of punches. Finally a 285-pound karate black belt named Ed Daniels accepted the challenge. Since this was Texas, the only tactics barred were holds. Lewis agreed to allow butting, the use of elbows and knees and kicks to the head and groin.

And Lewis lost the first round. Daniels, it turned out, was a monster. His head was 6½ feet from the canvas, so head kicks by Lewis were out. He de-

cided, instead, to jab Daniels off balance with side kicks. He landed four of them, but they only reddened Daniels' stomach. Then at 1:00 of Round 2, Daniels caught four successive punches—two left hooks and two right crosses—and Joe Lewis was the first U.S. kickboxing champion. Daniels was almost the first U.S. kickboxing fatality. He developed a blood clot in the head and went into a coma. Fortunately, he recovered.

Last fall Lewis appeared on an all-night radio program in Little Rock to help promote a friend's health spa. "Come on down and see Joe Lewis, the world heavyweight karate champion," the disc jockey kept shouting, and all night crowds of young blacks poured in to see Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber. Lewis was dumbfounded. "Wow, how could they think that?" he says. "They said world karate champion, didn't they? Well, their Joe Louis must be almost 60 by now."

Sometimes it seems to Joe Lewis that he has spent most of his life living that name down, and not necessarily because of the ex-heavyweight boxing champion. By the time he had reached high school in Raleigh, N.C. three of his four brothers had gone to jail. Even though he had done nothing wrong, he was "one of those Lewis boys." And there were other Lewis problems. "What happens if from the age of three you see your parents fighting every day?" he asks rhetorically. "It blows your mind."

At 10 Joe Lewis was a bright kid who walked around with his head down. "I was ashamed of many things," he says. At 15 he started lifting weights, interested, he says now, "in the perfection of physical movements." He also liked having big arms. They and no doubt his A average in high school and his good looks brought Lewis the recognition he craved, but even with that he was vaguely dissatisfied. "People saw only the external me," Lewis reasons now.

At 17, two months before he was to graduate and with plans made to attend college there was a domestic explosion at home. Lewis will not talk about it, but he ran away and joined the Marines. It seemed a logical step: the Leathernecks, tough Joe Lewis the he-man. "Just another recognition kick," he says. He spent 16 months in



AFTER RETAINING HIS TITLE, THE OTHER JOE LEWIS WAS A PLEASED YOUNG MAN

There are only six
\$25 electric watches made in the free world.
TIMEX makes them all.



And all give you electric accuracy. All give you the convenience of a watch that never needs winding. All are water and dust resistant. All have a beautiful price. Just \$25.

And you can have just about any of them with an automatic calendar for just \$30.

You've been waiting for an electric watch at an affordable price? You've got it.

The Electric TIMEX.
It never needs winding.

Models illus. rep. to bottom: 761001, 761511, 760700, 760601, 761700, 761801.

John/nie/Walk/er/Red/La/bel.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7



It takes a little longer to call
for our Scotch, but people must
have a lot of time, or a lot of
taste, because they've made it
the world's largest selling Scotch.

training in the U.S. before the corps sent him to Okinawa. One day while there he watched a karate demonstration. He never touched a barbell again. He practiced three to five hours every day and seven months later he had earned a black belt; two years is considered super progress.

Lewis learned to be a radio operator and was sent to Vietnam, the first man in his battalion to go there. "I felt great about it," he says. "You know, I'm the chosen one. Me. They chose me! Another recognition kick." In Vietnam he taught self-defense to Force Reconnaissance, the corps equivalent to the Green Berets. Before then he felt he had been pushed around in the Marines, especially at Parris Island ("They didn't treat me like a man and I built up a tremendous resentment"). But while he was an instructor, he says, he "developed a sense of personal value." He decided he deserved respect; he expected it; he demanded it.

In May of 1966, during a three-month stay at Camp Lejeune, Lewis went to Washington, D.C., entered his first karate tournament and won a national title. He still wasn't satisfied, he was looking for the real him. Maybe he could find himself in acting. He took lessons and on his discharge went to Hollywood to become a star. "One more recognition bit," he says. His movie career lasted two months and he was off into the karate business, opening a school in Los Angeles and beginning to win title after title. And was he satisfied? Not really. Success was real enough, but he felt that people still were seeing his external self, "the physical being." He sold the school in 1968 and began giving private lessons. "I wanted to know the richest, most intelligent people."

This time he was recognized and it was by a psychologist named Nathaniel Branden. Lewis had gone to Branden's place in Beverly Hills to interest him in karate lessons. He spent more than an hour by Branden's swimming pool explaining the complexities of his work, the psychic ways of relating to physical movements and how some people learn better visually, others audibly, when he discovered what it was that Branden did for a living. Oops, and more. Branden just happened to be working on his first book, *The Psychology of Self-Esteem*.

Branden recalls the first meeting. "Here was a man who hadn't gone be-

continued



"Murray mowers are superior in engineering and design."

Jack Nicklaus

Murray manufactures the finest quality line of riding and walking power mowers. These mowers come in a wide range of sizes, are reasonably priced, and are available at leading stores throughout the country. Illustrated above: 22" Self Propelled Walking Mower (Approx. \$89); 36" cutting width, 8 h.p. electric start Riding Mower (Approx. \$599). For a catalog of the complete Murray walking and riding mower line, write

The Murray Ohio Mfg. Co., P.O. Box 9481, Nashville, Tenn. 37204

Wake up to an ocean fresh shave.



With Old Spice Super Smooth Shave. Thick... rich... a luxurious lather that helps protect you from today's extra sharp blades. Makes every shave smooth sailing.

Citizens in Springfield, Ill. wrote us about getting more tennis courts.

We helped them. We'll help you. We helped with information on different surfaces, construction specifications, costs and other information. And we put them in touch with a contractor qualified to do the job.

If that's the kind of help you or your group could use, send this coupon. Or write Mr. Don Bahr, Chevron Asphalt Company, 555 Market Street, San Francisco, California 94102.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Phone _____

State _____

Zip _____

Number of new courts anticipated _____

Chevron Laybold® and Grassflex® courts are unequalled for playability and low maintenance, and have been the most popular indoor and outdoor asphalt courts worldwide for more than 40 years.

Chevron Asphalt Company



KICKBOXER *continued*

yond high school and didn't read books but who possessed unmistakable intelligence and self-esteem. He had problems, but also a very real psychological strength," Lewis says simply. "The meeting was the turning point of my life."

Each came under the other's tutelage. Sometimes a session in psychology followed a private karate lesson. Finally, they stopped paying each other. Through hypnosis, Brandon took his young patient as far back as his third year, reliving traumas, searching for insights. "I made Joe Lewis visible to himself," Brandon says. "It's important and difficult for a young person to see himself objectively. Those who saw Joe as merely a genius at karate didn't know him. He is a man with the psychology and self-esteem of a champion, and that goes for everything he does. There isn't anyone left for him to fight, but it's just as well. It's time he opened his life to other avenues of activity."

And other avenues it was. Rather than devoting all his time to killing or being killed by whatever few heavyweight Joe Lewis-Style-Self-Defense kickboxers were extant in the U.S., Lewis turned more to commerce and money, which, it now appeared, seem to have been behind this recognition thing all along. Last March he became national director of Tracy's Karate Studios, with 93 schools in 25 states. "We took on Pittsburgh this spring," he says, "and we've hit Toronto and Dayton, and now we'll hit Dallas, constantly outsmarting the opposition. It'll be like a surprise attack. They'll never know what hit them. We'll have 150 schools in a year, 3,000 by 1976, and by then we'll be all over Europe. We'll be millionaires."

He will be a millionaire plus if the nationally syndicated exercise and self-defense program for women that he is currently trying to peddle to Paramount TV is bought. But, no, wait, money is not what really matters. The only rewards of all this wheeling and dealing are the constant challenges. And anyway, "There are more important things about me than big muscles, trophies, titles or money," he says. "I want to develop my intellect."

So Joe Lewis' search goes on. He will continue to kickbox whenever someone has the temerity to challenge him, and someday he may give that old recognition a swift side kick in the gut, not the head. New rules. **END**



The sports car that's just as reliable as a Volkswagen.

And why not? It is a Volkswagen.
The Volkswagen Karmann Ghia.

With its Ghia designed body, it looks
like something more exotic.

And with its independent four-wheel
suspension, spex carburetion, and front
wheel disc brakes, it handles like something
more exotic.

But it's still a Volkswagen.

So if something does break, you don't
have to start searching for a special sports
car mechanic. Or face a six-month wait for
a part to arrive from some far corner of
the earth.

Even if you're tooling through some re-
mote place like Ottumwa, Iowa and your fan

belt goes, there's a Volkswagen dealer
there who can fix it.

So when you buy a Karmann Ghia, you
can forget all those bad things you've heard
about exotic sports cars.

And remember all those
good things you've heard
about Volkswagens.



In the icy heart of winter Harvey Wellfleet left his job as research coordinator at the Megalo Corporation and became an indoor tennis bum. Harvey decided upon this drastic change in the course of a conversation with his boss, Mr. Brisbane.

"Let me get this straight, Harvey," said Mr. Brisbane. "You do not like your fine job managing an entire section of devoted scientists and you wish to go back, sulk in a corner and play with your own rack of transistors."

"I do not like supervising people," said Harvey. "I want to do research."

"Now, Harvey," said Mr. Brisbane, "you must understand that often in this world we must do things that we don't like to do. You and I, for example, have a knack with people. Therefore our smooth-running social system has placed us in positions of supervision. It is necessary for the stability of the system that we do not fight this inevitability."

"To hell with the stability of our social order," said Harvey. "I want to do what I enjoy."

"Now that isn't always possible, is it?" said Mr. Brisbane. "If you really wanted to do what you enjoy, why don't you play tennis full time at that fancy tennis club you belong to?"

"Why didn't I think of that myself?" said Harvey. "Would you happen to have an official Megalo Triplicate Copy Pad handy?"

Mr. Brisbane handed him the pad and Harvey proceeded to write out his resignation. He tore off the top copy and handed it to Mr. Brisbane.

Mr. Brisbane read the sheet. "Now, Harvey," he said, "sometimes your mis-

placed sense of humor carries you a bit far. I shall tear this up and then we'll both forget that this little incident ever occurred."

"What about the personnel office?" said Harvey. "Will they forget the copy I send them?"

"I think you are serious," said Mr. Brisbane.

Harvey was serious. The next day he bid farewell to Mr. Brisbane and the Megalo staff and moved his center of operations to the Garden Acres Indoor Tennis Club. There he spent his days, watching the matches, helping the manager with the tennis shop and playing whenever possible.

Harvey's wife Margaret took it all rather badly. The evening that he announced his resignation and his future plans they had a long whispered quarrel in the kitchen. Harvey had always wished that he could occasionally shout when they disagreed, but Margaret felt that it would be very bad for the children to be awakened by their parents' voices raised in anger.

"Why didn't you ask me before you resigned?" demanded Margaret. "That's what hurts the most. You didn't even consult your own wife."

"But I did," said Harvey. "I've been saying right along just how tired I was of coordinating research and how I thought I'd quit and do something I really liked. And you always smiled and told me how great you thought that would be."

"But I thought you meant another job," said Margaret.

"I guess I didn't mean that at all," said Harvey.

They sat in silence for several minutes. Then Margaret said, "Have you thought about the money? How are we going to live?"

"We'll have to use the savings," said Harvey. "That should keep us going for a while."

"But that money's for college for the children," said Margaret.

"I've decided that the kids don't need to go to college to be good tennis players," said Harvey. "Now I'll admit that most of the really good players in this country are college graduates, but I suspect that studying was really mostly a hindrance to them. If they could have put in all of their time working out on the courts, they would have been even better players." He stopped because his wife was crying.

"You're mad," she sobbed. "You've gone out of your mind."

The quarrel dragged on for another hour with no resolution. Margaret finally locked herself in the master bedroom and Harvey spent the night on the living room couch.

Their disagreement had shaken him up. Harvey realized when he missed a couple of easy overhead smashes in the first set he played the next day. But his game steadied after a couple of hours, and by the end of the afternoon he had forgotten that there had been any rupture in his domestic life.

It was thus with considerable shock that he discovered, on his return home that evening, that his packed suitcase was sitting on the front porch with a curi note from Margaret informing him that he would have to choose between marriage and indoor tennis. The

SERVING UP A NEW GAME OF LIFE

by STAN DRYER

Harvey Wellfleet challenged the very foundations of Garden Acres by becoming a tennis bum and brought on himself a volley of abuse



very suddenness of this ultimatum caused Harvey to waver momentarily in his resolve. As he opened the suitcase to make sure that Margaret had packed all of the kinks had come out of his back-hand stroke in just two days of steady play. He put the suitcase in the car and drove over to West Street where he rented a furnished room two blocks from the tennis club.

When she heard her husband drive away, Margaret knew that it was time to get some professional advice. The next morning she dropped by the office of her good friend, Professor Helen Ralish. Helen was a professor of Social Dynamics at nearby Hartwell College and the author of *Marriage at the Bargaining Table*, the definitive work on marital negotiation.

"I wish you had called me before you escalated the situation," she said when Margaret had briefed her. "I'm afraid that putting him out of the house was at least a Level III threat."

"I could tell him I didn't mean it," said Margaret.

"Certainly not," said Helen. "Above all, we must maintain his belief in the viability of your threats. To back down

at this stage of negotiations would destroy all credibility in your future actions."

"What should I do then?" asked Margaret.

"The initial step in any bargaining process is evaluation. We must delineate the goals of each party and then list a series of threats, in order of magnitude, that you are willing to bring against your opponent."

"But he's not my opponent, he's my husband," said Margaret.

"Certainly," said Helen, "but for the

sake of your marriage you must try to view the situation in terms of a simple bargaining model. Now what do you suppose are his goals?"

"I guess he wants to play tennis for the rest of his life," said Margaret with a sigh.

"Which is unsatisfactory from your point of view," said Helen. "What would be a goal acceptable to you that would allow your husband to feel that he had come out somewhat ahead at the bargaining table?"

"I guess he'd be happier if he could

continued





By nightfall Harvey had forgotten the rupture in his domestic life.

return to doing research instead of management," said Margaret.

"You must make sure that Harvey understands that this is an achievable goal," said Helen.

"He knows they want him back," said Margaret.

"Now for the threats," said Helen. "Is Harvey very religious?"

"We go to church almost every Sunday," said Margaret.

"We'll put that down as a Level I threat," said Helen. "Ostracism by the religious community."

"But I don't think that Reverend Plackley would put him out of the church just for playing tennis," said Margaret.

"I am not talking of the church in the sense of an 18th century religious entity," said Helen. "I am speaking here of the social alienation of Harvey by his peers in the church socio-religious group. Now what other of his peers would be willing to bring pressure directly on him?"

"There's Mel Winters at the bank," said Margaret. "Harvey respects him a great deal."

"Good," said Helen. "Anyone else?" Margaret could think of no one else.

"That will have to do then," said Hel-

en. "I'll take care of briefing Reverend Plackley."

The Rev. Raymond Plackley was distressed when he heard of the situation in the Wellfleet household and agreed that pressure from the church community might well be the lever by which Harvey could be pried back to reason.

The Rev. Plackley felt that he should bring aid and comfort directly to his flock in the fields. He had achieved much renown by giving a series of morning Bible readings in beauty salons, and his Book of the Psalms, translated into the vernacular of truck drivers, had won a prominent place on the hook stands on the wayside restaurants of America. It was thus with complete comfort that he removed his clerical garments and dressed in tennis whites in the locker room of the tennis club. The ostensible reason for his visit was to work on his game under Harvey's tutelage. However, at the proper moment, he intended to impart to Harvey the extreme concern that the members of the church felt over his irresponsible behavior.

It took Harvey only a few minutes to determine the faults in Plackley's game. He called him up to the net. "Ray," he said, "there are three things wrong with your tennis. You don't keep your eyes on the ball, you crowd your forehand and you need a lot of practice. Now, to begin with, concentrate on watching the ball. I shall shout at you when you crowd your forehand."

The changes in the minister's game were immediate and spectacular. His forehand stroke, long a quietly endured agony of awkwardness, suddenly became a thing of beauty. He felt his whole body moving with a rhythm never before experienced. It was, as he explained in the locker room afterward, almost a religious experience. He was overjoyed and could not thank Harvey enough for his assistance.

The telephone rang a few minutes after the Rev. Plackley had returned to the rectory. It was Helen Rulish. "I just wanted to check with you," she said, "on Mr. Wellfleet's reaction to what you told him."

"As a matter of fact," said Plackley, "we never got around to discussing that problem. I felt it would be best if he brought the matter up himself." He switched the receiver to his left hand, picked up his racket from the hall table

and made a couple of futile swings to make sure that the beauty of motion still dwelt within him.

"You're saying you didn't tell him," said Helen.

"I'm sure I'll have the opportunity soon," said the minister. "I've made arrangements to play with Harvey once a week from now on."

"No, thanks," said Helen. "I don't think it would do much good."

She hung up and turned to Margaret, who was sitting in her office. "I think the reverend has surrendered to the pleasures of the flesh," she said. "I hope this banker friend of yours is made of sterner stuff."

Mel Winters was of tougher fiber. When Helen explained the situation to him, he agreed to the plan in its entirety. "I've been worried about Harvey myself," he said, "both from the personal and professional standpoints. A man without a job can't keep up his mortgage payments very long. Now I feel that a very strong approach is in order here. I'll go down, whip him soundly in a couple of sets and then lay it on the line to him."

Mel had never had any problem in the past in whipping Harvey at singles. He always won in straight sets. Mel hit the ball hard and with precision, a reflection of the way of life that had made him a respected vice-president of the Garden Acres National Bank.

However, he discovered that constant practice had significantly improved Harvey's game. Mel's hard, deep drives came back across the net just as hard and just as deep. Nevertheless, he felt that it was due to some very lucky shots on Harvey's part that Harvey won the first set 6-4. His loss to Harvey in the second set by 6-2 was a lot more disturbing.

It was still necessary that he inform Harvey of his ostracism. Mel sat Harvey down in the lounge and carefully explained his reasons. "You understand," he concluded, "that this gives me a great deal of pain. I have valued our friendship a great deal and look forward to it continuing when you resume your role of responsibility in the community."

Harvey broke into laughter. "I never thought I'd see the day you'd be a bad sport," he said.

"What do you mean, bad sport?" demanded Mel.

"Today was the first time I ever took

continued

Some men will never vacation at Tragonisi. Never negotiate a fourth market trade.
Never ask for Walter Hagens.



Walter Hagens aren't the sort of clubs one tries to sell you.

Once you really know about golf, you simply ask your pro for them. You ask for them, and you deserve them.

The woods look something like black marble, and the irons will remind you of sterling.

Each is weighted and balanced so perfectly that swinging them is a rather sensual experience.

They're all handmade with very little hurry by men who believe making golf clubs is kind of an art. A gentleman named Walter Hagen wouldn't have had it any other way.

That's why his clubs are the finest in the world. And why they're worth a fortune.

Here's to the man who finds himself asking for them.

You have to ask for Walter Hagens.

Available only through golf pro shops. Walter Hagen Golf Equipment Co.

about from you," said Harvey. "And as soon as we walk off the court you trump up this wild story about my responsibilities to the community. You're afraid to play me, that's the whole of it. You know I can slaughter you any time I feel like it."

With a great mental effort Mel suppressed his anger. "You must believe me," he said. "I had decided to say what I just told you long before we ever walked out onto that tennis court."

"Sure," said Harvey. "You lay awake all night making this tough decision. Come off it, Mel. Admit you're nothing but a plain old-fashioned had loser."

It was useless to argue with Harvey. Mel picked up his racket, his clothes and what was left of his dignity and walked out of the club with Harvey's laughter echoing in his ears.

The next day Helen held a grim conference with Margaret on her office. "Your husband has turned out to be a clever opponent," she said. "He has managed to convince us of his incredulity in all of the threats we have made. I can see no other alternative than an immediate escalation to Level IV. You must serve him with divorce papers."

"I can't bring myself to do that," said Margaret.

There was one other source of help. Margaret called her sister Josh.

Josh, her husband George and their 16-year-old son Milton drove over the next Saturday from their home in nearby Brentwood. Milton immediately horrified his father's car and disappeared. As Margaret had sent her children to a movie, the adults were left alone to talk. They looked at the problem from every angle but could find no solution.

After nearly two hours Milton returned. Milton was short and plump, wore black-rimmed glasses and walked as if each step gave him violent pains in his arches. He dropped onto a chair and propped his feet up on the coffee table. "I understand Uncle Harvey's been giving you trouble," he said.

"That is none of your business," said his mother. "We are having a family discussion, and I think it would be better if you left."

"O.K.," said Milton with a wave of his fat hand. "I've figured out a solution to the problem, but if you're not interested, forget it."

He started to rise, but Margaret said to Josh, "Milton is a member of the family, and I think his suggestion should carry some weight." She tried to keep the desperation out of her voice.

Milton smiled and slouched back into his chair. "I was over at the tennis club this morning checking out Uncle Harvey," he said.

"You didn't play tennis with him, did you?" said Margaret.

"Of course not. I am not a mesomorph who must continually run around flexing his muscles to prove they'll flex. As an activator, I observe, cogitate and then plan the actions of others."

"Milton," said his father, "if you have a suggestion to make, please make it."

"I am trying to explain," said Milton. "I have observed Uncle Harvey and his tennis game. I have thought over the problem. I have a solution."

"So tell us," said Josh.

"I have a solution," said Milton, "and now I would like to state my price."

"Milton," said his father, "if you think for a minute you can pull another of your blackmail schemes, you are wrong. I told you the television set was the last of such bribes."

Milton smiled placidly at his parents. "We have discussed the matter of my mobility before, I think," he said.

"You are not going to leave a city and that is final," shouted his father.

"And," continued Milton, "I think I presented a rather reasonable compromise. All I require, you may remember is transportation. I am not one who takes delight in the styling or power available in a motor vehicle. But I do dislike walking when an inexpensive alternative is available."

"We should have known better," said Josh.

There was a long silence. Finally George said, "I know it's hopeless to appeal to your better nature or your sense of fair play. How much do you want?"

"Let us say \$300 for the vehicle and at least half the insurance premiums," said Milton.

"He doesn't get this streak from my side of the family," said his father. "O.K., it's a deal, but only if your solution actually works."

"Of course," said Milton. "Now to get down to essentials. Who would you say is the worst tennis player in the Garden Acres Indoor Tennis Club? Is there perhaps someone whose game Uncle Harvey derides?"

"Leland Harwich," said Margaret without hesitation. "That would be 'Club Shoe' Harwich."

—continued

Nephew Milton had a solution but he also had his price.

Reverend Pluckley surrendered to the pleasures of the flesh.



DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLACK & WHITE: JIMMY K. WHITE; COLOR: JIMMY K. WHITE

JACKIE RIVETT

HOME: Chicago, Illinois

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Free-lance writer/film director

HOBBIES: Theology, science fiction, teaching film courses at community youth centers.

LAST BOOK READ: "Creative Brooding."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Wrote, produced, directed the new children's dental health TV campaign for the American Dental Association.

QUOTE: "Film is the most emotional medium there is. When you're trying to open minds and move people to change, a good film will do it more dynamically than anything I know."

PROFILE: A candid, free-spirited woman, committed to change. Uses film to express herself and talk to current social problems.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop goes only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.

**THE STREET TIRE
THAT TOOK ON THE
RACING TIRES.
AND WON.**



Nobody thought a street tire could hold its own against racing tires. Until we raced the new BFG Radial T/A.

One of its first tests was an SCCA race at Watkins Glen. The BFG Radial Tirebird—driven by John Cordts—was riding on Radial T/A street tires with half their normal tread depth. All other cars were riding on special racing rubber.

A grueling race at speeds up to 160 mph. And we won. First in class. Second overall.

Then the B.F. Goodrich Radial T/A was ready for the big time. 24 hours of Daytona.

In just five hours, we moved up 14 places. Up to fifth in our class. We were on our way to a strong finish when—luck of the game—we blew an engine.

But we proved our point. The BFG Radial T/A is a class of street tires all by itself.

It's as wide as any radial tire, anywhere. 60-series wide. That kind of width means muscle. It's built with four big belts of Dynacor® Rayon Cord over a pair of radial body plies. That means it's tough.

Of course, it comes with raised white letters. We figure when you own the street tire that took on the racing tires, you want the world to know.

The new BFG Radial T/A. The one racy-looking tire that actually raced. The one with more than enough muscle for your kind of driving.

BFG. **THE LIFESAVER®** **RADIAL TIRE** **PEOPLE.**



B.F. Goodrich

...in pursuit of excellence

World's
Lightest
Tennis
Shoes



So light, you'll actually lift over 1000 pounds less in an average tennis hour!

A full 25% lighter than the lightest sneaker, the Bancroft/Tretorn Tennis Shoe is made of genuine glove leather. Tough. Durable. Handsome... and incredibly comfortable.

The Shoe has a light, cellular-foamed sole that resists abrasion. The Shoe is a sure-footed and will not pick up court dressing.

Full-length cushioned insoles give firm support. Lateral side vents keep feet cool and dry. Special through-the-tongue lacing keeps the Shoe tight. Prevents cutting. No other shoe has that.

The Shoe is available in men's and women's sizes at only \$25 (also available in canvas). Be sure to see other fine Bancroft/Tretorn products, including the sensational Tennis Trainer and the Pressureless Ball, wherever fine sporting goods are sold. Bancroft Sporting Goods Co., Bancroft Court, Woonsocket, R.I.

**Bancroft
TRETORN**

GAME OF LIFE *continued*

"Fine," said Milton. "My plan is simplicity itself. I shall train Mr. Harwich to whip Uncle Harvey. It should not be difficult. Uncle Harvey strokes the ball well, but he does not play intelligently and he does not react well to pressure. In most sports the man who uses his head can usually defeat a better-coordinated player who does not think on the court."

Leland Harwich agreed to go along with Milton's plan, as he would have with any scheme that might eliminate the term Flub Shot from general usage at the tennis club. To cover for his absence from the club, Milton had Leland's arm fitted with a removable cast, and the story circulated that it had been broken in a fall in his bathtub. Four times a week Leland drove to the Brentwood Indoor Tennis Center where he removed his cast and worked out with the pro under Milton's supervision. Milton concentrated upon building Leland's confidence in a few simple strokes and gave him long lectures on his uncle's weaknesses. In less than three months Milton gave the go-ahead for the final phase of his plan.

Leland threw away his cast and appeared one morning at the Garden Acres club. Harvey was sitting, feet up, in the lounge watching a doubles match on the near court. "How's the arm?" he said when he saw Leland.

"Fine," said Leland. "Been out of the cast for a week. All set to give it a little exercise."

It was Harvey's natural reaction to offer to hit a few balls with Leland. After they had been banging the ball for about 15 minutes, Leland stopped and called to Harvey. "The arm feels so good I'd like to play a few games until I feel it tightening up."

"Sure thing," shouted Harvey. "Serve them up!"

The first serve came at Harvey with a high deceptive bounce. He swung desperately at it and drove it up into the rafters under the club roof. Harvey inspected the grip of his racket. His hand must have slipped. No one ever had trouble returning Flub Shot's serve.

But the tricky serves continued. The game went to Leland, and it was Harvey's service. Now the real horror began. Leland returned Harvey's service effortlessly, driving him back and forth across the court with tireless ease. The

kink suddenly reappeared in Harvey's backhand, and his forehand shots developed a strange propensity for the bottom of the net. He felt all of his hard-won coordination rapidly slipping away.

Leland won the first set 6-1. Harvey demanded a second set although Leland complained of a slight soreness in his arm. Now anger completed the degradation of Harvey's game. His smooth swing degenerated into a little Ping-Pong chop that dropped lazily in front of Leland. All timing disappeared from Harvey's serve.

When Leland carefully placed the final shot just out of Harvey's reach to win the set 6-0, Harvey's wrath exploded. "This idiot game!" he shouted. "I work forever building up my game, and some punk comes along and pushes me all over the court. I am through! Never again will I play this stupidity!" He hammered his racket against one of the tied uprights until it was reduced to a tangle of gut and splinters.

There is little more to Harvey's story. Still true to his vow, he has taken up golf as an occasional weekend relaxation from his work in the Megalo research laboratory. His nephew drives a 5-year-old Mercury with an insolence that is only just tolerated by his parents.

Life in the Wellfleet household is almost back to normal, but throughout Garden Acres there is a new uneasiness in the air. Wherever housewives gather, in coffee klatch or supermarket aisle, worried whispers may be heard—"I think my husband was only kidding, but he talked for an hour last night about the beautiful deal that Harvey Wellfleet had for himself."

"That's nothing. Burton keeps talking about Harvey's one mistake. He keeps saying that when he becomes a tennis bum, nothing at all will ever get him back to work."

What the future holds for Garden Acres is difficult to say. John Petland, the manager of the tennis club, is optimistic. "Business was never better," he often says. "The men of this community are realizing more and more that there is considerably more to life than just the grind at the office. Each of us needs a certain amount of relaxation and recreation in his life." And then he smiles, as if only he knows just how large that amount might be. **END**

100's
20 CIGARETTES

PALL MALL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES



SOFT TIPPED

**Longer
...yet
milder**

longer length—
milder taste.

—
You get both
with
PALL MALL GOLD HOOS

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV '70

Four wild animal notes from the PEOPLE world:

I—Up in Alaska we have **Annabelle**. Annabelle has athlete's foot—on all four feet. Since Annabelle is an elephant, that's a whole lot of athlete's foot, and it has the doctors baffled. They're not too baffled over the ailment. It's just that nobody can quite figure out how to get Annabelle to soak all four feet in four separate pans for one hour every day for at least a month.

II—And in South Dakota there is this bear. **Grant Beck** of Hot Springs was bringing in two bears and two mountain lions from Montana, and one of the bears escaped. All available law officers hunted out, including **Sheriff Jack Manke** and his deputies, local game wardens and the highway patrol, and they finally cornered the bear at the edge of the Hot Springs business district. A local vet put him out with a tranquilizer, but not before the bear had given Manke a nasty nip near the right thumb. So you keep the bear to see if it has rabies, right? And where do you put a drugged bear? In the drunk tank of the Hot Springs jail, of course.

But don't go yet. Next thing that happens is that Sheriff Manke finds the other three animals unattended in a pen. So he corners Grant Beck, and Beck

is fined \$200 and costs and sentenced to 30 days in—you guessed it—the Hot Springs jail.

III—Meanwhile, down in Miami, **Lowell Thomas** was visiting an old friend in the Crandon Park Zoo, a rhinoceros named **Mohan**. The two had met in Nepal last year when the rhino's capture was the subject of a documentary film. Thomas offered Mohan a nice handful of greenery just to show him there were no hard feelings. When he turned around, Mohan bit him in the rear. Just to show Thomas there were plenty of hard feelings.

IV—And that goes for a 33-pound king mackerel in Louisiana, too. Fisherman **Chuck Gogreve** was standing there in his boat near Empire, La., casting into a school of fish when the mackerel jumped out of the water from behind him and sliced a cut in his arm that called for nine stitches. The fish landed in the boat, though, and now Gogreve has a genuinely interesting answer to the question, "What did you use for bait?"

Another of England's Great Train Robbers was paroled last weekend, but not, alas, everybody's favorite, **Roy James**. Roy James, before he took up robbing trains, was a Formula III race driver and a dandy silver-

smith. So with 30 years to while away in Parkhurst Prison, he decided to whip up a special trophy "to be awarded annually to the club or organization which makes the greatest contribution to motor sport." A friend, race driver **Rodney Bentley**, brought him \$1,000 worth of silver, but it was sort of uphill work. For one thing, James had no tools and had to make them himself. Then the silver-smithing turned out to be so noisy that his fellow prisoners banished him to the nearest lavatory. James persevered, though, and finally produced a two-foot trophy valued at \$5,000—**Graham Hill** presented it early this year to the first winner, the BBC motor program *Wheelbase*. Entertaining of James (well, of course, we all knew he was enterprising) and sensible of the British prison system to allow inmates to pursue whatever crafts and hobbies they may wish. "Within reason, of course," a spokesman adds. "For instance, they are not allowed to make machine guns."

Golf Pro **Jack Shubert** of Fredonia, N.Y., has filled suit against **Alan Peterson** of Coatesville, Pa. for \$10,000—all because Peterson didn't take the advice Shubert claims he gave him and used a three-wood instead of a seven- or eight-iron to hit out of the rough. Well, sure, it's exasperating to have your advice ignored. But \$10,000? Yes. Peterson's shot with the three-wood bounced off a tree, hit Shubert in the face and knocked out a tooth.

And now for a bit of golfing news from the Inevitable-Anywhere East. The London *Times* reports that "Japanese golfers in New Delhi play so atrociously" that the local golf club won't let them tee off except around high noon, and in New Delhi that's high. The temperature usually breaks 100, which is more than the Japanese golfers

seem likely to do, with handicaps running 50 and 60 or more. "If they are so terrible, then why do they play?" the *Times* asks rhetorically and answers, "Orders. They are business executives whose head offices specify that their men should socialize at all levels. In New Delhi, this means the golf club."

Well, what's so sociable about having to play alone when everybody else is off in the shade with a cool drink? Nothing, that's what, and we hereby give this week's *Stuff* Upper Lip Award to the Governor of the Japanese Golf Association, **Shiki Ajiya**, for saying, "It is a great thing for many of us to report to our friends that we play golf in the sort of heat even the Indians cannot bear."

Let's also hear a ragged little cheer for **Kathy Whittry** and her civic-minded club out there in Yucca, N. Mex. The gang has collected 750 pounds of clothing for the needy. The Yucca Natural Club is just the right outfit to talk donors out of clothes. Nudists, y'know.

Now that folks are going to Red China, consider **Mayor Sam Yorty** of Los Angeles, who says he has tried time and again for a visa and always been refused. It was a terrible blow to Huzemur when the U.S. table tennis team got in. After all, first the Chinese shut everybody out and now it's a case of "apparent discrimination against a paddle tennis player like me." Well, Sam, as we always say in sport, that's the way the ball, uh, bounces.

Sports statisticians everywhere should note that **Julian Collins**, a surveyor from Christchurch, England, is claiming the new world record for upside-down beer drinking. Mr. Collins polished off 2½ pints in three minutes, presumably to encouraging shouts of "Up the hatch!"





It looks good in races too.

If the sleek fastback lines and the well-appointed interior of the GT-6 make it look like more show car than sports car, don't be fooled.

The GT-6 is the national E Class champion racer in SCCA competition. It has been the champion for two years running.

So if you're thinking of buying one, don't be afraid

that you're simply paying for style or the sumptuous reclining seats, or for standard equipment detailing like the walnut fascia and the self-defrosting rear window.

Figure you're investing in an all independent suspension system, a 2-litre, 6 cylinder engine, disc brakes in front,

rack and pinion steering, good acceleration and a good track record.

The good looks come as a bonus.

Triumph GT-6 

For the name of your nearest

Triumph dealer,
call 800-631-1971 toll free.

In New Jersey,
call 800-962-2803.

British Leyland Motors, Inc., Leonia, N.J. 07033

Hot pants? Right next to the hockey sticks



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN GELBAKE

Diana Ross wore velvet hot pants to the Ali-Frazier fight, and you can buy the brief form-fitting style in monkey fur and even mink at Georges Kaplan on Fifth Avenue in New York. But trend-setting girls with an eye on style and budget are rooting around in sporting goods stores for their hot pants. Right next to hockey sticks and boxing gloves and baseball bats are shorts in shiny, girlish satin or subtler nylon (complete with piping and stripes to go) that ordinarily are bought only by—well—men. And very athletic men, too, for these are basketball shorts, boxing trunks, track and field pants. At Gerry Cosby's, the famed sporting goods emporium that used to occupy a corner of old Madison Square Garden and fol-

lowed along to the Garden's glittering new location, Mike Cosby says, "For the first time in our history we can't meet the demand for boxing trunks and basketball shorts." Cosby was referring, of course, to flyweight boxing trunks and less than pro basketball-size shorts, Girl-size shorts, in other words.

The girls like the abbreviated fit and the abrupt, all-out hues so typical of sports uniforms, which more and more are in tune with the demands of color television. They team the sports shorts with things like long, striped hockey socks and a wide variety of tops, from basketball shirts to hockey and football jerseys.

After a recent practice session at the Garden, Willis Reed and Dick Barnett

of the Knickerbockers stopped by Cosby's and were amused and amazed by the sight of girls modeling clothing they had previously thought of as being strictly in man's domain. Like most males, they don't care for the calf-length midi, but hot pants or sports shorts, which can be worn anywhere the popular miniskirt can, meet with their enthusiastic approval. As for the girls *topposite and next pages*, they like the shorts because they are imaginative, unexpected, shiny and tight, and they obviously appeal to man's sporting instincts.

WILLIS REED and Dick Barnett of the Knicks sit in a sporting goods shop and marvel at how hot sports shorts look on sleek chicks.





If you hope you'll never be asked to explain how we made it to the moon ...
 If your child knows more about New Math than you do ...
 If your mother-in-law always seems to beat you at gin rummy ...

MATHEMATICS

INTRODUCTORY VOLUME IN THE **LIFE** SCIENCE LIBRARY

WILL MAKE YOUR LIFE A LOT EASIER AND A LITTLE MORE FUN

For some people, mathematics invests life with reason; for others with confusion, but in either case it surrounds us and is unavoidable. We use numbers and logic to calculate our chances of winning at bridge or poker, to steer man's exploration of the universe, to make computers, to measure time and divide the seasons. With mathematics we may someday harness nuclear power for everyday use, shorten work days, lengthen life and understand more fully the secrets of nature.

Now we are able to offer you a delightful and informative introduction to the intriguing world of mathematics. Here you will find fascinating, easy-to-follow explanations of such fields as: computers, the stars, relativity, Apollo space shots and games of chance. All of this is presented in a lively style that is both instructive and entertaining. To accomplish this, the Editors of *Mathematics* employ arresting and absorbing descriptive techniques—written and pictorial—with extensive use of full-color photographs, charts and animated diagrams that bring the science of mathematics vividly to life.

Mathematics is only the first volume in the **LIFE SCIENCE LIBRARY**, a series designed to show you science the way the scientist sees it—full of exciting ideas, beautiful forms, and the adventure of discovery. For a child interested in science, for students, or for parents trying to keep abreast of the fast-paced changes in mathematics and other scientific

fields, this beautifully illustrated series, planned and executed by the finest scientific authors and consultants, is invaluable. Here are thoughtful, informative and always enjoyable explorations of such wide-ranging fields as: *Matter, The Mind, Machines and The Cell.*

It's yours for 10 days
 of free reading as a
 guest of **TIME-LIFE**
BOOKS

To send for *Mathematics* just mail us the coupon below. You may read the book at home and at the end of ten days return it, if you wish, with no obligation—or you may keep it and pay only \$4.95 (\$5.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. If you do decide to keep *Mathematics*, you are entitled to the same examination privilege on the other volumes in the **LIFE SCIENCE LIBRARY**. I assume a new book every other month, return it or keep it as you wish.

Why not order today? Maybe you'll avoid some unnecessary embarrassment the next time you're asked about the Apollo program; maybe you'll even be able to tell your child a thing or two about New Math, maybe, just maybe, you'll even beat your mother-in-law at gin rummy.

Mathematics measures 8½ x 11 inches. It contains 200 pages, with hundreds of paintings, photographs, charts, diagrams, and line drawings.

1740-1101-BOOKS—Dept. 6365
 Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60612

YES, I would like to examine *Mathematics*. Please send it to me for ten days' free examination and enter a trial subscription to the **LIFE SCIENCE LIBRARY**. If I decide to keep *Mathematics*, I will pay \$4.95 (\$5.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. I will receive future volumes in the **LIFE SCIENCE LIBRARY** series, shipped a volume at a time every other month. Each is \$4.95 (\$5.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day free examination basis.

If I do not choose to keep *Mathematics*, I may return it within ten days; my reservation for future volumes will be canceled, and I am under no further obligation.

Name
 Address
 City
 State Zip



THE LINEUP (top) shows pointer legs that you'll ever see in a boxing ring or an NBA game, but they're wearing exactly the same shorts and trunks. Below, girth dig around in racks and shelves for pro team shirts and socks to wear with their colorful sports shorts.

And they're off and swinging

...for the fences. No way it can last—not even the great Willie Mays will hit 162 home runs—but this has been the most explosive spring in 25 years

It now appears that San Francisco's Willie Mays will not hit 162 home runs after all this season, nor will San Diego's Nate Colbert hit 135, Pittsburgh's Willie Stargell 116, Atlanta's Henry Aaron 101 or Cincinnati's Johnny Bench 92. Each has tailed off from the precipitate pace at which he hit his first four or five.

The way Tom Seaver of the Mets, Juan Marichal of the Giants and other anti-long-ball agents have been working, in fact, the pitching may be ahead of the hitting overall—as most theorists say it should be at this time of year. But Colbert is still hitting .395, Mays had a 10-game streak, Stargell hit his sixth homer Saturday and research confirms that the first week's explosion amounted to the most rousing rash of individual home-run starts in 25 years.

Of all the early leaders—if not of all players ever—Mays is the most inveterate fast starter. After six games in 1968 he had a .381 average and seven RBIs, after nine in '66, 410 and 13 RBIs, after eight in '64, six homers and 15 RBIs; after six in '62, three homers; after seven in '60, 407; after nine in '58, 417; after seven in '57, three homers, 10 RBIs. This year Mays homered on the first pitch he saw and in each of his first four games. Then he went five games with only singles and a double and a triple, but last Saturday he struck a double and home run No. 5.

"I think maybe just feeling strong is why I usually start fast," he says. "A lot of people don't realize how much I concentrate in center field. [At present he is concentrating on first base, with Willie McCovey injured.] Playing day after day, and traveling. I get tired."

The spring in Mays' stroke this April might also be attributable to an off-the-field influence. Before the season Marichal bet \$10 that Mays would be married by opening day. Marichal lost, but reports are that it was not a long-shot bet.

This has been Aaron's briskest homer breakaway ever, but he says, "I characterize myself as a hitter who likes to get out of the chute fast. It's simply that you want to excite yourself early. If you get off slow, you have a tendency to keep saying to yourself, 'Well, it'll get better . . . well . . . well . . . and then you look up, you've run out of days and you've had a bad year.'"

Stargell's strong start is a reversal of his 1970 form. After eight games last year he was batting .034 with no home runs and one RBI. This spring, he says, "I didn't have a lot of weight to lose for the first time in four or five years." This, incidentally, was the first spring in which the Pirates had to report ready to appear in stretch uniforms. They can make a man with a moderate paunch

look like he is trying to sneak a slow-away relative onto the field.

Each of the early home-run leaders had something going for him other than his talents. Mays got three of his homers off San Diego pitching. Colbert hit two of his off the Dodgers' Don Sutton, who is a good pitcher but Colbert's patsy. Of the first 13 homers hit collectively by Stargell, Aaron and Bench, 12 came in Atlanta Stadium where hitters profit from an unusual combination of light air and warm weather. Of the three homers Stargell hit on April 10 in Atlanta, he felt that only one was solid. The other two, he said, "carried."

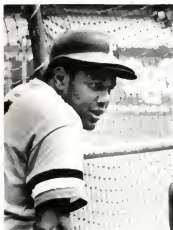
All of the sluggers who hurt from the gate this year, however, are power hitters with or without propitious factors. None of them is likely to suffer such a falling-off as there was for the Dodgers' Wally Moon in 1961. Moon had people talking about Ruth's record that year long before Mays and Mantle caught fire. He hit six homers in his first eight games and eight in April. Then he hurt his right leg sliding and, although he went on to hit .328 for a fine all-round year, he finished with just 17 home runs—14 of them in the Los Angeles Coliseum, over whose 251-foot left-field screen Moon had established a shonilevel mastery. A left-handed hitter, he used what he called "a calculated shoe." Someone named the resultant home runs "Moonshots." With his striding leg hurt, Moon settled mostly for bouncing balls off the screen, and the next year the Dodgers left the Coliseum. After that one incandescent April, the nation had to rely upon NASA for Moonshots.

THE WEEK

by JOE JARES

AL WEST CALIFORNIA WON SEVEN straight games and its pitching staff had the lowest earned run average in the league, but even first-place teams have occasional worries. For the Angels it was Andy Messersmith, the promising right-hander who was bothered by ailments all through 1970. Last week he hurt his pitching shoulder in a fielding play against the White Sox and started Manager Lefty Phillips thinking, "Here we go again." After a thorough examination, however, Messersmith was allowed to start Saturday against

continued



STARGELL MURDERED THEM IN ATLANTA

"How an Accutron® watch helped me add 3,000 square miles to Greenland."



By David Humphreys,
Explorer and Navigator

If you get lost in northern Greenland, you die.

All four of us in the expedition knew it. Every dog in the team knew it.

To calculate our longitude we depended on an Accutron watch.

We used the most accurate watch we could find because longitude is an

exact measure of time. An error of only four seconds can misplace a mile.

And at 50° below in the middle of the six-month arctic night, you wouldn't want to do a thing like that.

The old boys obviously didn't have Accutron watches with tuning fork movements.

As it turned out, there had been quite a bit of misplacing.

My figures (recently verified by an earth-orbiting satellite) showed that Greenland is 3,000 square miles larger than it appears on the official map compiled from records of the early explorers.

The old boys had obviously calculated their longitudes with watches that were slightly off.

In those days there weren't any Accutron watches with tuning fork movements guaranteed accurate to within a minute a month.*

Which leads me to believe (now that Greenland is safely behind me) that there may be other mis-mapped areas in the world.

Say, in the nice, warm South Seas, perhaps?

Accutron Date and Day. AG-100. Stainless steel case. Stainless steel link band with fold-over buckle. Black and white target dial. Date can be read through. Printed against common watch hazards. \$145. Other styles from \$115.

*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase. Bulova Watch Company, Inc.



The watch that's become
a scientific instrument.
Accutron by Bulova.

the Twins and went the route in a 4-3 victory. MINNESOTA'S worry—besides its six consecutive losses, lack of power at the plate and inadequate relief pitching—was moody Second Baseman Rod Carew. The three-time All-Star and 1969 AL batting champ announced he was going to retire from baseball despite his \$40,000 salary and tender age (25). To get Rod away from the pressure, Rigney sent him one day, which backfired when Carew pulled a leg muscle running in the outfield before the game—not part of his regular routine. MILWAUKEE, an expansion team, "has the best four right-handed starters in the American League," said White Sox Manager Chuck Tanner. He was talking about Skip Lockwood, Marty Pattin and two rookies, Bill Parsons and Jim Slaton. Lockwood beat the Sox on a four-inning and pronounced himself a far smarter pitcher than in 1970. "You can read all the books and get all the instructions and advice you want, but you still have to be ready up here," and he pointed to his head. Cookie Rojas was trying to hold KANSAS CITY together with a .340 batting average and some spectacular plays at second base, but the heart of the batting order—Amos Otis, Lou Piniella and Bob Oliver—wasn't doing its share. OAKLAND won five in a row after Manager Dick Williams had down the law in the team bus. Reggie Jackson got the winning hit two nights in a row and the Athletics temporarily climbed to the top of the division before losing Saturday. CHICAGO stopped the A's and in the process finally snipped its own string of losses at seven.

CAL 2-4 OAK 0-8 MIL 2-3
KC 0-7 MINN 4-8 CHI 4-8

AL EAST

DETROIT Pitcher Joe Coleman, recovering from a fractured skull, was waking up with a headache each morning, but he was no worse off than Manager Billy Martin. Waiting for Coleman, Les Cain and John Hiller to get over various ailments, Martin had to use 29 pitchers in six games and won only twice. After one loss, Martin chewed out his players and then angrily hurled two sandwiches to the floor. BALTIMORE cooled off the hot Indians and was ahead of its pennant races of the last two seasons. The Tribe was suitably impressed. "The Orioles have a dream team," said Pitcher Sam McDowell, who lost 3-0. Oriole Manager Earl Weaver talked happily of a 161-1 season, but then the Yanks beat the Birds 5-3 in 10 innings. Oh, well, 160-2 ain't bad. CLEVELAND, despite failings against Baltimore, had some happy moments. Curveballer Camilo Pascual, picked up as a free agent late in spring training, pitched well as a long reliever, and rookie Harold (Gomer) Hodge, the country-boy pinch hitter, had at least two fan clubs al-

ready, Gomer's Gang and Hodge's Lodge. He was successful as a pinch hitter in his first four tries and got a standing ovation when he struck out going for a fifth. Felipe Alou, traded from Oakland to NEW YORK, spent four days driving his family to his home in Atlanta, unpacking and catching a plane north, but he was worth waiting for. He homered in his debut against Detroit Wednesday and led the 10th-inning rally that beat Baltimore Saturday. Boston reliever Ken Tatum, a principal in the trade that sent Tony Conigliaro to the Angels, appeared in seven of the Red Sox' first nine games (record: 0-2). Ray Culp seemed to be winging toward his best season, and perhaps his first 20-in year, until he gave up seven earned runs in six innings to Detroit. WASHINGTON had \$110,000 Centerfielder Curt Flood on the bench for three games. Back in the lineup Saturday in a 5-3 victory over Cleveland, Flood went 1 for 4 and batted in a run.

BALT 0-2 BOST 5-6 WASH 0-8
NY 0-8 CLEV 4-8 DET 4-7

NL WEST

Johnny Bench not only has a velvet swing, he has a velvet bat and CINCINNATI is wild about it. The handle is specially treated with a velvetlike substance (the process is called flocking), and when Bench used it for the first time since spring training he knocked in seven runs as the Reds swept a three-game series from Atlanta. If that keeps up, every player in the majors will be flocking to flocking. SAN FRANCISCO fans were enjoying sitting in Candlestick Park's newly painted seats because a) Willie Mays was swinging even better than Willie Mays does every spring and b) the new AstroTurf has ended those dust storms that used to swirl into the stands. Not only that, but the Giants were getting fine pitching from Juan Marchal (3-0, 6.67 ERA) and Gaylord Perry (3-0). Marchal had a no-hitter going for eight innings against the Cubs but gave up two hits in the ninth. Thirty times in one game Perry threw his "new football"—which opponents suggested was merely his old spitter under a new pretense in ATLANTA'S 6' 6" reliever, Cecil Upshaw, who soothed the nerves and an artery on the ring finger of his pitching hand early in 1970 and missed the entire season, earned his fourth victory against no defeats after an excellent spring and removed any doubts about his ability to come back. LOS ANGELES was struggling, most notably Pitcher Bill Singer, who was 0 and 4 with the season less than two weeks old. But at least Richie Allen was behaving like a model citizen and hitting a homer now and then, and things promised to get cheerier as the Dodgers' concessions chief got in production with his promised Wes Parker wristwatch. Of the 39 runs HOUSTON scored through Thurs-

day, 28 were scratched out one at a time, and it seemed the Astros were trying to set a record for runners stranded. The Astro hitters came alive in Dodger Stadium, though, knocking in 18 runs in three games over the weekend. SAN DIEGO fans wanted to change a home ground rule after a loss to the Cubs. A Dave Campbell drive hit the orange line at the top of the left-center-field wall and carved back. He had to settle for a double instead of a homer, and the Padres lost the tying run.

SF 11-2 ATL 7-4 HOUS 0-6
LA 0-8 CIN 3-7 SD 0-8

NL EAST

No sooner had CHICAGO Co-captain Ron Santo been advised that he was not suffering from an ulcer than Catcher Randy Hundley, popping up as a pinch-hitter against Los Angeles, collapsed a few steps from the plate. He had injured his right knee (originally hurt in spring training) and had to be put on the 15-day disabled list. With Pitchers Bill Hands (1-2) and Ken Holtzman (0-3) faltering, 14-year veteran Milt Pappas stepped in and beat the Dodgers 3-2 in his second straight complete game. ST. LOUIS, not supposed to be a hitting team, had both Lou Brock and Catcher Ted Simmons over .400 through Sunday, and Pitcher Bob Gibson joined the fun. He held San Diego to two hits after the first two innings and batted in three runs with a homer and a single. The stadium in RICHMOND is new, but the Phils' posture is old. They quickly took over last place. One of the few bright aspects was the surprisingly good hitting of Shortstop Larry Bowa and Second Baseman Denny Doyle. BOWA was concentrating on hitting the ball down, exploiting the hard AstroTurf and his own speed. Doyle, who hit only .208 last year, smacked a two-run triple against Montreal, and his two-run single beat Pittsburgh 6-5. While Willie Stargell carried most of PITTSBURGH's hitting load, Roberto Clemente was off to a rocky start. He left more than a dozen runners on base in the first two weeks of the season and had only two RBIs. Even though the Expos had won only one of four road games, MONTREAL welcomed them home in grand style. About 100,000 enthusiastic fans turned out to see the players parade through the city. Then, after a few tons of snow were removed from Jarry Park (at a cost of \$20,000), 22,000 fans sat in the stadium in miserable 40° weather to see their heroes beat New York 4-1. NEW YORK'S Tom Seaver struck out 14 Pirates, walked none and allowed only three hits in an impressive 1-0 victory. The Pirates' Rich Hebner said, "It's the best fastball I've seen in three years in the big leagues."

MONT 0-3 PITT 7-5 STL 1-5
NY 0-4 CHI 4-8 PHIL 3-7

A beautiful Ninety-Eight kind of day.

You know the kind of day. The kind that makes you want to slip away for a quiet drive to some quiet place far from the hubbub of the city. A 1971 Olds Ninety-Eight is a fine companion to have along.

The strong, silent type. You want quiet, and Ninety-Eight respects your wishes. Its roomier Body by Fisher is fully carpeted, padded and spray-insulated to keep out noise. There's even a new double-paneled roof for greater strength and silence. And everywhere you look—inside and

out—beauty, grace and elegance.

Like sitting on air. In a way, you do, because Ninety-Eight's new front seat is molded of solid foam up to six inches thick. No saggy springs. No cotton padding. Just the most comfortable seat ever devised.

A ride smooth and serene. There's a new ride system custom-engineered for Ninety-Eight's longer 127-inch wheelbase. It features exclusive new Super shocks with Teflon-coated pistons that soak up bumps and jolts, isolate you from shock and vibration.

A real soft touch on rough roads.

You drive. It works. Ninety-Eight wants on you hand and foot. Power steering, power front disc brakes, power ventilation system (power seat and windows in some models) are standard. So is Turbo Hydra-matic Drive and a Rocket 455 V-8 that runs efficiently, and with lower exhaust pollutants, on no-lead or low-lead gasoline.

Whether you're in a get-away-from-it-all mood or not, try the 1971 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight. Strong and silent, handsome and attentive.

Oldsmobile
ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD



SEAVER ★ BENCH ★ CLEMENTE ★ POWELL ★ MURCER ★ THE ROBINSONS
GIBSON ★ OLIVA ★ JONES ★ MAYS ★ BANKS ★ 24 MAJOR LEAGUE TEAMS
480 PLAYERS ★ EVERY ONE OF YOUR FAVORITE STARS FROM AARON TO
YASTRZEMSKI ★ AND YOU'RE THE MANAGER ★ IN THE EXCITING NEW

Sports Illustrated baseball game



Move up to the Majors this year...

Here's your chance to make the big move up from the minors and into the most realistic Major League baseball game ever devised. This totally new **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Baseball Game** has it all—the teams, the players, the statistical accuracy and fast-action play that let you manage your favorites so realistically you almost feel like you had one foot up on the dugout steps.

As manager of any one of the 24 Major League teams, you set your own batting order, name your starting pitcher, pinch hit to get a big inning going, flash the steal sign, have your runners go for the extra base, call your bullpen for a reliever and make defensive substitutions in the late innings. The options you'll have and the game situations you'll face are virtually unlimited. You may, for example, want to test Sam McDowell against the great right-handed power of the Cincinnati Reds—have Campy Campaneris challenge the rifle arm of Johnny Bench with a steal of third—give Mike Epstein a rest if you're up against the left-handed slants of Jerry Koosman—or replay any one of last year's great play-off and World Series Games.

Each team roster includes 20 active players—stars, rookies, utility men—480 in all—whose hitting or pitching skills are based on the most complete computerized research ever incorporated into a baseball game. For the first time in any game, for example, each hitter has been rated according to his proven ability against both right-handed and left-handed pitching.

The **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Baseball Game** offers the same kind of realistic Play Action that made the SI Pro Football Game an immediate success, the same concept of color-coding that speeds up the action and lets you complete a 9-inning game in less than 30 minutes. Each game includes 24 Play Action team charts (one for each major league team), an SI analysis of each team's strengths and weaknesses, 9" x 11" playing field, 9 batter and base-runner markers, 3 special dice, Rules Book, Special Situations Booklets, and 50-page game score sheet book.

SPECIAL DIRECT-BY-MAIL OFFER. You can order your game now by completing the coupon below and mailing it directly to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** along with your check or money order for \$9.95 plus 50¢ postage and handling. (If someone has beaten you to the coupon simply send your name, address and check or money order for \$10.45 to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Baseball Game**, 15 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y. 10017.)

Sports Illustrated
baseball game
15 EAST 48th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017

Please send me _____ Baseball Game(s) at \$9.95 each plus 50¢ postage and handling. (Please add \$1.30 postage for Canada.)

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My ☐ check ☐ money order for _____ is enclosed

☐ I would also like a **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Pro Football Game** for \$9.95 plus 50¢ postage and handling. (Please allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.)



Eight great ways to split your personality.

1. Hold it—smile. Perfect exposure every time in a red, blue and orange wide stripe on white. 2. Why be a pawn of tradition? Make your move to a blue textured stripe on orange background. Dacron® polyester and cotton. 3. Now for the fashion news. This season, it's a three-button cuff. 4. Deck yourself in a textured pattern. How's blue for openers? 5. Or, a break with tradition, in a symphony of geometric

style, Sanforized-Plus-2. 6. What now, Dow Jones? Certainly not average, when you wear Arrow's red-on-blue satin stripe. 7. And now, for the best performance in a full-color original production, it's Arrow's surface-textured pattern-on-pink. 8. A bold yellow stripe that's certainly worth writing home about. And after all—it's what's inside

→Arrow←
ARROW CLOTHING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Concepts by Arrow, the colorful white shirt company.

Big-game hunting is suffering from success. Or at least it is suffering from an overburden of awards and trophies that are the rewards of success. While the most prized of hunting trophies are those horned and hairy heads hung on walls, hunting these days also has a mixed bag of medals, plaques, cups, bowls and statuettes. About \$55 million is spent each year in the U.S. on sports trophies of all kinds, and hunting takes a fair share of the business.

But there are complications about big-game hunting awards that are never encountered in, say, winning an Olympic gold medal in the 100-meter dash. A shortage of witnesses, for example. No crowd of cheering spectators, no television cameras are on hand when someone sets a world record by shooting some animal with a larger set of horns than anybody ever shot before. More often than not, only two people—the hunter and his guide—know the circumstances under which a big-game record was set. Later the taxidermist, the official measurer and maybe one or two other people get into the act. But no one knows how many trophies have been taken by illegal chases, trophy switches, guide-hunter substitutions, altered measurements or falsified affidavits. The checks are few, the temptations great and the desire for an eight-point entry in Boone and Crockett's *Records of North American Big Game* or in Rowland Ward's records of African and Asian game is such that otherwise-honest men have succumbed to fraud.

The pressures of this sort of trophy competition are enormous. One sensational example reached the public recently when Gary Swanson, a California taxidermist-guide, was arrested for the illegal hunting of desert bighorn sheep and it was charged that 32 hunters (all of whom were indicted by the Federal Government) had paid Swanson up to \$3,000 a head to hunt these legally protected animals under his guidance. Most of Swanson's clients were respected members of their communities. Normally they would no more consider cheating in sport than they would in their business and professional lives. One explanation may be found in the conflicting requirements that govern hunting awards and trophies.

On one hand, some awards have no meaning at all. Grace Kelly once won an airline's award without ever firing a

gun. Winchester selects its Outdoorsman of the Year by a poll of outdoor writers (4,000 such writers, according to one press release; 1,200, according to another.) To Winchester's credit, it expects some experience from its outdoorsmen. The late film star Robert Taylor, who won the first Winchester award in 1954, even hunted occasionally, and so did Walter Alston—for rabbits—although it did not hurt that the Dodgers won the pennant the year he was Winchester's Outdoorsman. (Considerably more sophisticated now, Winchester gives trophies to the winners of two genuinely distinguished awards, those of the international hunting club, Shikar-Safari, and Game Conservation International.)

Air France, which does most of its big-game stalking on Madison Avenue, sporadically bestows its hunting award, a bronze-and-wood plaque, on some recipient chosen by obscure methods, "to tie in with one of our commercial tours or promotions," as an Air France spokesman explained with Gallic candor. It does not follow that because an award is commercially sponsored it must be commercially compromised. To expect sponsors to foot the bills and then decline credit is unrealistic, but it is not unrealistic to expect a sponsor to assume responsibility for the quality of its awards. In fact so many blatantly phony awards involve such improbable recipients that they are ignored by everyone except the promoters who dream them up and the people who receive them.

But if the sham awards are too easy to be of importance, those with real distinction are so difficult as to be almost impossible. It is in the pursuit of these that trophy hunters are tempted to take shortcuts, to buy hides and horns, or claim a head shot by a guide, or pay \$3,000 for a desert bighorn sheep.

These top awards represent genuine, even extraordinary, achievements. Shikar-Safari Club International, for example, gives an award for the best Asian and African animal taken by a member—and its membership includes some of the world's best hunters. An awards committee determines the relative merit of each entry and the circumstances surrounding its actual taking. A record head is not sufficient to win the award. The hunter must have earned his trophy the hard way. In years when none of the en-

On the horns of a dilemma

Big-game awards may lead to remarkable achievements—or to frauds, fakes and bogus records

tries meets the organization's high standards, the awards are withheld.

More important still is the Weatherby Big Game Trophy, the ultimate award for hunters. The trophy itself is nothing you would want to carry with you on a hunt. It stands 3½ feet high, weighs 46 pounds, takes four months to cast and assemble and costs approximately \$1,000. It costs a great deal more to win one, though expenditures have nothing to do with such an achievement. C. J. McElroy, a Los Angeles contractor who won the Weatherby two years ago, estimated that he spent five months afield annually for a dozen years and that his trophy cost him more than half a million dollars.

When Roy Weatherby conceived the award in 1956 his goal was not to honor the hunter who set a particular record but to reward the sportsman who made the greatest lifetime achievement in hunting. "Many hunters spend year after year passing up average heads to look for record trophies," Weatherby says, "but we all know that most of the world records are not taken this way but by accident or luck. I wanted to do something to recognize the hunter who does not necessarily hold all the records but who has spent his life hunting and collecting the broadest number of species, the most difficult to hunt and the hardest to find, from the widest range of areas. Such a person must also have made significant contributions to conservation, and he must be a sportsman beyond reproach."

The first award was presented to Herb

continued

Klein of Dallas, the dean of all big-game hunters in the world today. Since then only 32 people have qualified as nominees. They have been outstanding, even extraordinary, representatives of the sport, yet 10 withdrew their names from competition because they could not match the accomplishments of other nominees. Except for Herb Klein, no winner received the award the first year his name appeared on the ballot. Several were on the ballot five years or more before winning. The award committee consists of 10 men, including Weatherby and four previous winners—Klein, Warren Page, Jack O'Connor and Prince Abdorreza Pahlavi of Iran. Their job is to sift the qualifications of every nominee, ranking them not only on the formal affidavits that list species taken, places hunted, records held and conservation contributions, but on information gathered from guides, other hunters and business and social contacts. The balloting is secret, and not even Weatherby knows how the other judges voted until the final scores are tallied and he is advised of the winner by registered mail.

Last year's winner, George Landreth, a 43-year-old petroleum engineer, was more relieved than anything else. "I thought, now I can relax again," Landreth says. "It is hard to imagine how much pressure the Weatherby trophy puts on its nominees. At first I did not think that winning it mattered that

much, but as time passed and I realized that I had a good chance at it, I began to feel the springs tightening."

Landreth knew there were certain animals one must have to win: all the species of North American big game, and the grand slam of sheep—Dall sheep, found in Alaska; Stone sheep, which range through British Columbia; the Rocky Mountain bighorn; the desert bighorn. In fact, Landreth had four such grand slams. "You know you should have all the major species of Asian and African game," Landreth says, "and then a lot of unusual and rare ones, such as bongo and mountain nyala. Then there are the truly exotic species of Asian sheep—the *Ovis poli* of the Pamirs, and the *Ovis ammon* of Mongolia."

Landreth was the sixth person to take an *Ovis poli* and the first in 40 years to take an *Ovis ammon*. "As it turned out, I had all the hard ones, but I did not have a tiger," Landreth says. "Roy told me I had a good chance if I had a tiger, but without one he did not see how I could be expected to win. I started that day making calls to book a tiger hunt, squared away my business as best I could and took off. All I wanted was to get the tiger. Suddenly I realized I was not hunting for sport anymore. I was filling a quota, achieving an end. What happens is that you start trying too hard, and you find yourself doing things you would not ordinarily do. Sooner or lat-

er the pressure gets so bad you may take a shortcut, and then you spend the rest of your life regretting it."

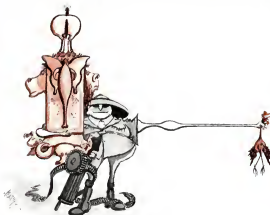
Landreth did not take a shortcut to get his tiger, but shortcuts are what confuse the record books and lead to sensations like those of the Gary Swanson case. Trying to achieve the grand slam in sheep has been intoxicating to many hunters. All four North American species are demanding to hunt; the desert sheep, because of its limited numbers, also is heavily protected throughout its remaining range. All legal hunting is by permit. These are so few that in recent years only one in 100 prospective sheep hunters has managed to get one.

In Southern California, where there is a protected but relatively sizable population of desert sheep, the Government has charged that Gary Swanson rounded up clients willing to pay heavily to hunt these trophies. Last fall law-enforcement agents arrested Swanson and confiscated his records, alleging he had put 32 desert bighorns, illegal but impressive, in the trophy rooms of satisfied hunters and had also put some hefty deposits in his bank account. Swanson, whose trial is scheduled for next month, denies the charges. Some of the others under indictment have not yet been heard from. The episode illustrates how easily big-game records can be tarnished.

A guide in Angola recently reported taking a roan antelope that would clearly place high in the book. He wanted to sell it before the new trophy reached Rowland Ward's so the buyer's name could be entered in place of his own. He sent out six letters. Within a week he received four offers for the head. Taxidermists report receiving fresh hides accompanied by horns that are years older. Providing "pickup" horns, as they are called—to be substituted for less impressive ones actually taken—has become so profitable that some natives have switched from guiding to hunting pickups.

Only five hunters have taken all 26 species of American big game. This past fall Bill Bond, a Texan, accomplished it when he got a Shiras moose in Wyoming. "When a man is closing in on No. 26," he says, "the pressure on the guide to find the animal, and on the hunter to shoot straight and true, is something else!" And the need to keep the records straight is greater than ever. One flagrant violation of ethics casts an indelible shadow over all hunters.

END



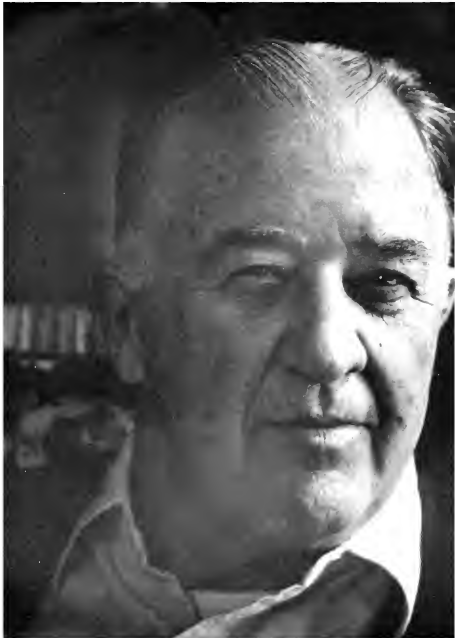
Dunlop it!

Your second set of tires is your first real choice. Choose right. Choose the best of the belted from Dunlop...the Gold Seal "78" Twin Belt, with tough Fiberglass belts that mean strength and safety and extra mileage. And built wide and rugged, with the grab and grip of exclusive Dunlop 7-rib anti-aquaplaning tread that throws off water, keeps rubber and road together. Dunlop it. You'll discover that Dunlop quality costs no more. Your Dunlop dealer is in the Yellow Pages. Dunlop, Buffalo, N.Y. 14240.

 **DUNLOP**



Drive safely. Use Dunlop tires, golf balls and clubs.



HOW I JUMPED FROM CLEAN POLITICS

The onetime baseball commissioner comes out swinging over the sport he loves. The trouble, he claims, is that owners are favored over their players and money is favored above all else

by A. B. (HAPPY) CHANDLER
with JOHN UNDERWOOD

INTO DIRTY BASEBALL

Under normal circumstances a politician who engages in a contest he cannot win is no politician and deserves what fate leaves him. In the spring of 1945 I accepted the high commissionership of major league baseball. Two factors contributed to this lapse of sanity. 1) I thought of the position as nonpolitical and myself as a qualified candidate, more qualified, in fact, than the man who preceded me (later I was to include, especially, those who succeeded me); and 2) it paid \$50,000 a year to start. I was making \$10,000 as a United States Senator from Kentucky and losing the battle then common to Senators who tried to maintain separate residences in Washington and their home state.

I am by nature an optimistic fellow. Like Satchel Paige, who is supposed to have said, "Don't look back, something might be gaining on you," I have generally looked ahead and have gladly accepted challenges. Perhaps I should have been looking behind me. After just over six years—years, I think it not immodest to say, that will be regarded by historians as the best baseball ever had—a minority of owners succeeded in cellar-digging me out of the job. Seven of the 16 blocked my reinstatement. I thanked them for their trouble and went back to Kentucky, where politicking is called "pol-

—continued



CHANDLER

continued

itics" and not "major league baseball."

Among those who took credit for this heroic act was Del Webb, whose policies made the Yankees what they are today: a second-rate team. My office at the time was investigating what later turned out to be unfounded rumors concerning Webb and Las Vegas gambling interests. An informer, a longtime beneficiary of my patronage who hoped to gain a higher place for himself in baseball, tipped Webb off. He gained nothing. He is dead now and I won't embarrass his family by naming him. It is reasonable to conclude, however, that Webb was furious that he had been investigated, and he got me before I got him. Siding with Webb were Lou Perini of the Braves, Dan Topping, also of the Yankees, Fred Saugh of the Cardinals and a few others on whom I had not spared the rod.

To give you an idea, at least partially, of what dubious contributors owners have been to the good name of the game, here is a conversation I recall having had with Alva Bradley, who owned the Cleveland club when I took office. I saw Bradley for the first time at a meeting in Washington. He said, "We'll all cheat if we have to. This fellow cheats, I cheat too. In fact, we all cheat."

I said, "Well, Mr. Bradley, I wish I'd known that before I signed on for this voyage because I didn't leave the United States Senate to preside over a bunch of thieves. If I catch you, be prepared to belly up, because I won't be easy." I was advised after that that I should learn to "wink" at rule breakers. I said, "There are 16 teams in this game. If I wink at one, I'll have to wink at 15 others. That's not a wink, that's a twitch."

Bradley was right, of course. Many of the owners did cheat—not the true beneficiaries of the game, the great grassroots baseball men like Connie Mack or Clark Griffith, but the corporate raiders, Webb, Perini, etc. When they were face to face with exposure, they never once failed to show great indignation.

How did they cheat? In a lot of ways.

Chances are you haven't heard them lately because it is much more expedient just now to chastise prodigal players than prodigal owners. Players are in no position to bite the hand that flogs them. I am not impressed that poor deluded Denny McLain got busted. I would have been more impressed had the signs of his confused loyalties been read months before—I am led to believe they were clear for all to see—and his bad conduct curtailed so that severe punishment would not have been necessary.



The ex-spectator was happy the day he became commissioner.

I am a strong believer in avoiding the appearance of evil, and I have made it a practice in my public life to nip it whenever I could. I got a report during the time I was commissioner that an announcer was betting on ball games. He was sending a runner from his broadcasting booth in the press box to a bookmaker stationed in a saloon across the street. When I got wind of it, I moved immediately to stop him. I was one of the man's great admirers, but gambling was something he couldn't let alone.

I sent for the gentleman and told him what I had heard. I said, "Do you like your job broadcasting baseball games?" He said, "Yes, sir." I said, "You can't broadcast them unless you can see them, can you?" He said, "No sir." I said, "If you continue on the route you've taken I will deny you entrance to every

ball park in the league." He got the message and remembered it, at least while I was commissioner.

But I was about to give you a short course in the ways of cheating owners. A favorite when I was in office was to misuse the option privilege. The option rule is a sound one for one good reason: it prevents a club heavy with talent (as the Yankees used to be) from continually optioning worthy players to minor leagues and thereby denying them a fair crack at the big leagues. A club is entitled to option a player three times and no more. I soon learned if I turned my head, some of the owners would option players more times than were permitted by the rules.

My stock argument was always this: "Look, the kid doesn't keep the books, you keep the books. Fewer options are one too many. If you option a player an extra time, I'll make him a free agent." When the commissioner makes a good player a free agent, the player becomes a very valuable commodity. I once made the Detroit club release a boy and he got \$40,000 to sign with somebody else. He always called me Uncle Happy after that.

Jack (Lucky) Lohrke was a player who could have been misused. The Braves signed him, optioned him three times, then made him available to the other big-league clubs—but asked that each pass on Lohrke when his time came.

I ruled against them. I said Lohrke has got to go into the common draft. I said, "I don't know if Lohrke is going to be a major league player or not, but this is his day. If somebody wants him, he's going to be a major-leaguer."

Perini came to the draft meeting fit to be tied. He tried to get around me. He asked to speak to the owners before the roll call for the draft. He said, "I want to make a statement to my partners." (The owners of baseball franchises are terrific competitors, but they are also "partners.") He said, "I want you to all pass on Lohrke." He sat down. I instructed the secretary to begin the roll

continued

YOU SHOULD HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT VEGA.

MOTOR TREND: "We nominate the Chevrolet Vega (for the 1971 Car of the Year Award) because not only is it a new car, but it represents a number of concepts fresh to the American auto industry." (A note: we weren't just nominated—we won. Vega is Motor Trend's Car of the Year.)

"For the money, no other American car can deliver more."

"The base Vega is a magnificent automobile in its own right without any options at all."

CAR AND DRIVER: "Technically, the Vega has the most impressive list of credentials of any American small car."

"It provides an excellent combination of performance and economy."

"Vega is quick and nimble without the sports car harshness most American sedan buyers find objectionable."

"... a car for all occasions."

CAR LIFE: "The motoring press took an 850-mile trip in three Vegas and three competitors. The Vegas won. The most impressive part of the trip was the phenomenal cornering power of the three Vegas."

MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED: "The roadability and handling (of the Vegas) on the GM sports-type car course was excellent, quick and sure. The vinyl-covered bucket seats were extremely comfortable. These cars are easy to get in and out of due to their large doors."

ROAD TEST: "Chevy pulled out the stops on this one. Aluminum ohc engines, four body styles, high-style options put it in a class by itself.... The Vega is innovative without being complex."

ROAD & TRACK: "The best-handling passenger car ever built in America."

GARY SPEDOSKE: "I'll take one of each."



CHANDLER

continued

call. The club that finished last the previous season—Horace Stoneham's New York Giants—got first draft.

Stoneham said, "I'll take Lohrke."

Perini never forgave me.

Another rule they sidestepped on a regular catch-me-if-you-can basis was one I endorsed and felt strongly about. It forbade signing a player before his high school class graduated. If a fellow is going to be a good baseball player, two things are essential: he ought to be mature and he ought to be smart. Mature he will eventually be. Smart, maybe never. But you must give him the chance for both. You don't pluck him before he's ripe. I saw so many fellows who went into baseball too soon and washed out, and then they found that they had nothing to fall back on.

Naturally, some of the owners didn't like the rule at all and broke it every chance they got. Major league scouts raided the high schools and the colleges, and the small-town coaches who spent their lives in the stubble patches trying to help these boys saw what the high and mighty could not see. They were given no chance to develop players, no chance to educate young men. I was told whenever I went that if the coaches didn't get some relief from these raids, they were going to quit. The owners didn't care. They wanted to win yesterday, not tomorrow.

So the rule was put into effect, and one of the first ones I caught was Webb. Oh, my, he was indignant. First he had Topping call me. I said, "Dan, you've signed a boy you shouldn't have signed. It'll cost you \$500, and you've lost the player. Send me a check."

He said, "Suppose I don't send it to you?"

I said, "Well, I'll give you what I gave O'Conner, except I'll be rougher on you." (I had had to fine Leslie O'Conner of the White Sox for the same offense. O'Conner should have known better. Before he became general manager of the White Sox he had been Judge Landis' assistant.)

Webb was not intimidated. He called, and then he brought the entire Yankee board of directors to my room at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel in New York to voice his complaint. I told him I was very honored they would drop in and very much impressed by their presence, "but you still lose the boy and the \$500." I doubt that Webb could fully appreciate the value of an education for the boy. I always found him to be refreshingly ignorant about other people's interests.

These examples of the pawnshop treat-



Chandler smiled on Del Webb one time long ago.

ment of players are trifles, however, when measured against the reckless, wanton expansion of the major leagues, led by such otherwise intelligent owners as Walter O'Malley.

Once they had me out of the way, the owners elected Ford Frick commissioner and thereby created a period of *laissez-faire* that lasted 14 years. Unopposed, they were able to eviscerate the commissioner's job, to contribute to the dissolution of the minor leagues (from an alltime high of 59 when I was commissioner to the present 20) and to establish once and for all that baseball is a business that need not call itself anything less—except, of course, at those

times when it is faced with a lawsuit challenging the reserve clause.

Frick's sleep was not as long as Rip Van Winkle's, but it was equally deep. Recently he was named to the Hall of Fame, which is in Cooperstown, N.Y., not very far from where Van Winkle went into his prolonged snooze. On one occasion as commissioner I made free agents of 10 Detroit farmhands whom the club had mishandled. I have often wondered exactly how many free agents Frick ever declared. I have wondered, too, how many owners he ever fined, if any. These strong men plundered the entire structure of baseball. Expansion grew without a plan. A fellow said, "I'm going here," another said, "I'm going there," and the gold rush was on. Before long the minors were strangled, and not just by expansion. The indiscriminate telecasting of major league games helped, too. Many able, dedicated men, especially in the Pacific Coast League, were ruined.

I told the owners when I took the job in 1945, "You don't own this game. You merely own a franchise in it. The game belongs to the American people, and as long as they think it is theirs they'll be loyal and support it. If ever they get to feeling it's nothing but a bloody business and run just for profit by you fellows, the stands will go empty."

Nobody but a simpleton would say baseball is not a business now. When the Supreme Court finally makes the decision, as it well may do in the Curt Flood case, it will say that baseball is interstate commerce and the reserve clause will have to be modified. Then—surprise—the owners will find they can live with it, just as the football people do.

I am impressed by the operation of the National Football League. In 1959, after the death of Bert Bell, I was pushed for the commissioner's job by my friend George Preston Marshall, then owner of the Washington Redskins. Although I was serving a term as governor of Kentucky at the time, I am not sure that I shouldn't have taken him up on it. I

continued



Get your boy this Rawlings quality leather fielder's glove with Mickey Mantle's personal signature on it. \$5.50 with any Sun-Maid premium seal. Details at stores with Sun-Maid Raisins GO/STOP display. Sun-Maid's go-power is a hit because it's concentrated natural sugar. Delicious quick energy. No wonder Sun-Maid Raisins is everybody's favorite GO/STOP.



SUN-MAID, RAISINS, WHERE YOU STOP FOR GO!

Sears Golf Shoes

...with spikes
that never need
replacing.



That's right. These permanent spikes made of durable carbide will never wear out or corrode. So you get a solid stance every time out.

These Sears golf shoes have another great thing going for them, too. Corfam® poromene uppers. They're weather-resistant so you play in comfort, rain or shine. And Corfam means easy care...wipes to a shine in seconds.

What's more, don't be misled by the stylish look and colors of all Sears golf shoes. These are under \$22

At all larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores and through the catalog.

Two great styles—wing-tip and strap with buckle.



The Shoe Place at

Sears

CHANDLER

continued

have watched the owners of football closely since then and have concluded they have done a much better job managing their affairs than their baseball counterparts.

I have in my possession something very dear to a sentimental man. It is a silver tray with silver bats and balls given to me "in appreciation" by representatives of the 16 major league clubs—Allie Reynolds, Fred Hutchinson, Ralph Kiner and Danny Litwiler—in 1951. I am told no other commissioner, no other baseball executive, ever received such a token of the players' esteem. It is one of my prize possessions. (I keep it handy to show with the old brown baseball autographed by Ty Cobb on one side and Horus Wagner on the other, and the still older brown ball that bears the inscription: "Transylvania 10, University of Tennessee 4. Winning Pitcher: Chandler.")

I have been accused of being a players' commissioner. I plead guilty to the charge. I have also been accused of being an "umpires' commissioner" and a "fans' commissioner." Guilty again. I have not been accused of being an "owners' commissioner" nor a "sportswriters' commissioner." I wouldn't have it any other way.

In my second year as commissioner I was instrumental in gaining representation for the players on the Executive Council for contractual matters. Big money was about to be made in the game, and the men who played the sport deserved to share in the decisions. I became obsessed with the need for a pension plan, having seen these oddtimers hanging around, looking for jobs in baseball that they would never get.

The pension plan actually was the idea of Larry MacPhail, the owner of the Yankees, and I became his enthusiastic supporter. When television came into the picture I arranged to have the pensions financed through World Series television rights. I had it written so that \$1⁰⁰ would go to the plan. I told the owners this: "I know you have considerable investment in this game. The best way to protect that investment is to guard baseball's integrity zealously and to give

continued

Which of these cities has the least unemployment?



Boston



New York



Philadelphia



Chicago



St. Louis



San Francisco



Los Angeles

Over 4 million people in this country are unemployed. And many of them live in the big cities. Out of these seven cities, Chicago has the least unemployment.* Of course, statistics don't help you very much if you're out of work.

There's a CBS Owned AM radio station in each of these seven cities. And they're trying to help people who need jobs. Our stations feel responsible to over 60 million people, so there's a lot to be done.

Boston has really been hard hit by the cutbacks in the electronics industry. So WEEI Newsradio is busy working with a job clearing house to get people off the unemployment lines and back to work.

WCAU has been publicly commended by the city of Philadelphia for "blazing a new trail" with its *Career Fair*. Over 50,000 young people have come to *Career Fair* to meet potential employers through the use of electronic computer methods.

When the seven CBS Owned radio stations aren't busy reporting the news of the day, they're also searching for solutions to problems like drug abuse, crime, and the high cost of living.

Because we think there's a lot more to our job than just finding jobs.

The CBS Owned AM Stations

We feel responsible to over 60 million people.

WEEI Newsradio 93 Boston
 WJLH Newsradio 880 New York
 WJLH Radio 121 Philadelphia
 WBBB Newsradio 76 Chicago
 KSNB Radio 1120 St. Louis
 KJLH Newsradio 74 San Francisco
 KNS Newsradio 1070 Los Angeles
 Represented by CBS Radio Spot Sales

Brut for Men.

If you have
any doubts
about yourself,
try
something else.



After shave, after shower, after anything.
Brut by Fabergé

CHANDLER

continued

its players and umpires fair treatment."

The owners weren't too pleased with the pension plan, but they gave it five years, subject to review, and after that they couldn't turn back.

We were always on the mat over something, the owners and I. It was, of course, in 1947 that Jackie Robinson came into baseball as the first black major-leaguer of modern times. Many of the owners didn't want the change.

I wasn't asked for a decision, so I never gave one. The dissenters had to think they were on firm ground because Judge Landis had been in office 24 years and never lifted a finger for black players. He always said, "The owners have the right to hire whom they please."

Obviously Branch Rickey, part owner and general manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, thought so, too. He came to see me at my home in Versailles, Ky. We went out back to the guest cabin to talk. Rickey, who may already have made up his mind, said, "I can't bring Robinson in unless you back me."

"Can Robinson play baseball?" I asked.

"No question about that."

"Is he a major-leaguer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then bring him on." The die was cast, and baseball changed forever and for the good.

Rickey said, "Well, how shall we treat him?"

"Just like any other player. No better or no worse."

The announcement that Robinson was coming to Brooklyn was made, and after that, although Robinson may not know it, we watched over him as we would a baby. We had fellows at many of his games to see that he wasn't mistreated.

Robinson didn't always help much because he had a little bit of a chip on his shoulder and many people resented him. A member of the Phillie coaching staff threatened to "take care of" Robinson when he got to Philadelphia. I sent the man a telegram: "If you make trouble for Robinson I'll make trouble for you." Robinson did not have any trouble in Philadelphia.

We stayed on it all the time, and Robinson won his spurs. Rickey kept him in line the first year, and, in fact, I thought he was a little too stern at times. I cautioned Rickey, "Don't bridle him. Don't shackle him. Just tell him to conduct himself properly."

Robinson never had a disposition for humbleness. Trouble, often not of his own making, seemed always near at hand, but I only had to get on him once, and then I did it indirectly. In his third year the Dodgers played the Yankees in the World Series. Burt Shotton was the Brooklyn manager, and the Dodgers had their third black star, Roy Campanella (was the second) on the team, Don Newcombe, a fine pitcher and a fine man.

Cal Hubbard unsipped behind the plate, and after the game Robinson criticized to the press a strike call Hubbard had made on teammate Spider Jorgensen in the eighth. I went to Newcombe in the dressing room and asked him, "What kind of game did Hubbard umpire?" Don said, "Fine, commissioner," I said, "How many pitches do you think he missed?" He said, "Maybe one or two."

Bear in mind that Newcombe had lost this game on Tommy Henrich's home run in the ninth inning and had every right to a few sour grapes. He took one look at Henrich's soaring fly ball, jammed the glove in his pocket and came off the mound.

I said, "Well, that's good umpiring, isn't it, Don?" Newcombe agreed.

As soon as I got to the hotel I called Shotton. "Burt," I said, "do you need Robinson to play second base for you tomorrow?"

He said, "Oh, yes, commissioner. I need him badly. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I want you to give him a message for me. I've got plenty of umpires. I don't need him to umpire. I thought if you didn't need him to play second base we'd give him the day off."

I do not mean this account of the integration of baseball as a criticism of Judge Landis for not having ordered it before. The owners simply didn't want it, and Landis washed his hands. If he did nothing to help the Negro, it could

be argued that neither did he do much to assure high school coaches that their kids would not be raided or to improve the sorry conditions umpires worked under in those days or help to introduce a pension or raise the players' salaries. Judge Landis was, nevertheless, good for baseball at a crucial time in its existence and stands almost unchallenged as the most respected executive in the history of the game. The fact that he was mostly a myth does not alter that.

I knew Landis well. He was always



An owner Chandler liked was Constance Mack.

very friendly to me, and he wasn't a naturally friendly fellow. After the Black Sox scandal of 1919 he was hired to look mean, and he played the part. He didn't go to many ball games, but when he did cameramen always caught him in the same posture, his fist under his chin, his white hair ruffled and flying, his face a deep scowl. I don't know what he saw at a game because I'm not sure that he knew much about it. He might have been sitting there just puzzling.

Landis was once a federal judge in Chicago and had a reputation for taking

on the big shots. In every respect he was what he did not find others to be—an honest man—and I think he did the best he could to shore up confidence in the game. But picture him and imagine me, a man named "Happy," succeeding him. Happy does not frown. He smiles. He does not try to look mean. He laughs. Worse, not long after he became commissioner, it was discovered that Albert Benjamin (Happy) Chandler sang. This happened at a banquet in my honor in Newark, N.J. I spoke of my beloved Kentucky, the good fishing, the barefoot days at school, my career as a minor league ballplayer and as an umpire in the old Blue Grass League and of my family and my home. Then, on an impulse, I said I would wind up the dinner with a song. I have always loved to sing, and I have sung on the campaign trails, often accompanied by the beautiful soprano, Mrs. Mildred Chandler. My choice that night was *My Old Kentucky Home*.

Can you see the effect of that on the assembled New York writers that night in 1945—the Red Smiths and Arthur Daleys and Dan Parkers, that sharp-eyed group? It was immediately evident that I was a Southern country fellow, and New York writers look down their noses at Southern country fellows. New York writers know, of course, that milk comes from wagons and that anything west of the Alleghenies is Indian territory and that only a clown would sing at his inauguration. Can you imagine Judge Landis doing such a thing?

They never let me forget it. They called me "Sappy" and "Playboy," and when I said I loved baseball they saw fit to ridicule that, too, and when I had to chastise some of their heroes, people like Webb and Leo Durocher, they never failed to take their side. But I don't embarrass easily. If you are sober and diligent and forthright, there is no reason to be embarrassed. The record will show that the reflection was on them. And I know—now—that they just didn't understand country boys.

Every year for the past 40 or more I have received a Christmas card from a fellow named Dick Gallagher. When the

continued

Brut Deodorant for Men.

You won't have
any doubts
about yourself.



Get more deodorant in your deodorant.
Plus the great smell of Brut by Fabergé.

CHANDLER

continued

cards first started coming I didn't know Gallagher personally, though I know him now as the executive director of the Pro Football Hall of Fame. At the beginning he was a nameless but nevertheless vivid figure in a ragged football suit on the throwing end of a forward pass.

I was coach of the Centre College freshman football team at the time and we were playing Kentucky Wesleyan. We were, in every respect, a superior force, but we had not acquainted ourselves well that day, and when the game's closing seconds arrived we were ahead by only 6-0, and Wesleyan had the ball. I can still see Gallagher's pass—so high it looked like a punt. It was caught in our end zone. Gallagher kicked the extra point, and we lost 7-6.

And every year at Christmastime I get that card from Dick Gallagher saying, "Dear Mr. Chandler: Remember me? I'm the fellow who made a governor out of you." As Gallagher had surmised, the defeat in that game killed my chances to be Centre's varsity coach the following year when the job opened. I refused to take a secondary position. My footsteps led out of sports from there, and into politics—to the governorship of Kentucky, to the U.S. Senate and, in a unique turnaround, to baseball. But until that time, all the footprints I really wanted to make were on the athletic fields of western Kentucky.

I had arrived at Transylvania College—a small-town Kentucky school of 280 but a great hall of learning to me in 1917 with a \$5 bill, a red sweater and a smile and a fierce love for sport that won me varsity letters in football, basketball and baseball. I still cherish that 10-4 victory over Tennessee at Still Field, Transylvania's finest hour in baseball, but the time that stands out in my memory as my proudest was the day we played Centre College in football.

The Praying Colonels of Uncle Charley Moran in those days were a formidable power. We were full of hope and totally without a prayer of our own. We dressed 17 players, and once I started, I knew there would be no relief. I played quarterback in the double wing,

passed, kicked and ran with the ball and backed up the line on defense. The Centre team beat me up pretty badly that day. By the end of the third quarter I thought I was going to die. Then I was afraid I might not. Then it didn't make any difference. We lost 49-0.

When the game was over, old Red Roberts, Centre's 6' 2", 220-pound lineman, cradled me in his arms like a baby, carried me to his dressing room and helped me out of my uniform. Moran said it was the finest demonstration of respect from an opposing player that he had ever seen.



A.B. with Walter O'Malley and Branch Rickey.

As a pitcher and outfielder at Transylvania College, I once batted .467. I also pitched in the summer before my senior year, trying to catch the pros' attention. I went up to Grafton, N. Dak., and won 12 out of 13 games in the Red River Valley League.

It was the custom in the league to reward outstanding play with a shower of silver dollars from the stands. I picked up 125 of them one afternoon after hitting a double with the bases loaded to beat the Minonnan Indians. (Lest mine enemies are sleeping, I reported it on my income tax.) This was 50 years ago. I doubt that you will find that kind of closeness today between players and fans.

When I won my first game the townspeople stopped me on the street and offered me cigars. I said, "No thanks, I don't smoke." I had walked only a

few steps farther when I was suddenly stopped by the sharp thud of a foot in my backside. It was Andy Gill, the manager. "Old Pop smokes," he said. "You save them cigars for Old Pop." In 1946, when I was commissioner, the people of Grafton named the ball park after me.

While I am at it, I will do some naming of my own. Over the many years that I have been either a spectator of the game or part of it, I have seen many of the greatest players. If I were to pick my own All-Star team it might surprise you, because I think that Johnny Bench of Cincinnati is already the best catcher who ever lived. The rest of my team would include Walter Johnson and Lefty Grove, the pitchers, Lou Gehrig, Eddie Collins, Joe Cronin and Pie Traynor around the infield and Ted Williams, Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth in the outfield.

It was through football that I came to know Uncle Charley Moran. When he engineered the upset over mighty Harvard (unbeaten in 24 games) in 1921, I was at Harvard Law School and scouted Harvard for him. Uncle Charley had me sing *Down the Road to Home Sweet Home* in the dressing room in Cambridge before that game, and if I do say so myself there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

From Uncle Charley Moran I learned to love umpires. In the summers Uncle Charley umpired in the major leagues. He was a throwback, a rugged character—no more than 5' 10" but very powerful in the shoulders and legs—who cussed like a sailor and chewed great gobs of tobacco and was tougher than a Mississippi boardinghouse steak.

One warm night in Philadelphia, Uncle Charley gave me an inkling of what good umpires are made of, and I've never forgotten it. I was passing through town on my way home from law school at Cambridge. The Phillies had men on second and third with one out, and the batter hit a line drive down the left-field line. A blue darter. The base runners zipped around to score, and the crowd was going wild. Although nobody was noticing, behind third base Uncle

continued

In the last 5 years,
the noise level in
American cities
has risen over 20%.

In the last 5 years,
sales of the very quiet
Ford LTD
have risen over 160%.



FORD



Take a
Quiet Break...
'71 Ford.

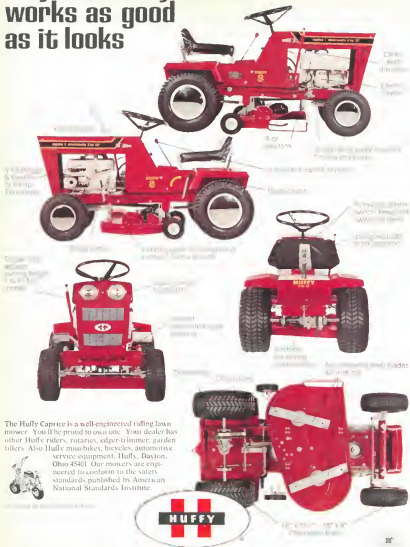
The noisier it gets out there, the more people want to be in here. In a strong, solid Ford LTD where quiet is built in to stay. We use a computer to locate vibration-free body mounts on the frame. We use heavy gauge steel in the body. We use double-action shocks, rugged suspensions, even acoustically tuned mufflers. It all adds up. To a lot of quiet.

And you get such luxury features as a 351-cu. in. V-8. Power front disc brakes. And options like air conditioning with automatic temperature control, Tilt steering wheel, and four V-8's including our new 400-cu. in. regular fuel V-8.

The '71 LTD. Strong. Luxurious. Quiet. Ford gives you better ideas.

Better idea for safety: Buckle up.

Why this Huffy® mower works as good as it looks



CHANDLER

continued

Charley had his right arm up pumping the ball foul.

The entire Philadelphia team bubbled out of the dugout, converging on Moran, and the debate that followed blurred the Philadelphia air. There was much finger waving and gnashing of teeth before order was restored. The decision stood. The batter then popped out, the next man struck out and the Phillies went on to defeat, making Uncle Charley an altogether unpopular man in Philadelphia that night.

He didn't say anything about it afterward, but at dinner I gamely broached the subject. I said, kiddingly, "There's been a move afoot to take the umpires off the field and put them in the grandstand. They can see better from there." He just sat there chewing on his steak.

"Tell me the truth, Unk, what about that ball hit past third base this afternoon?"

He glared at me. "All right, what about it?"

"Was it close?"

"Now."

"Was it fair or foul?"

He said, "Foul." And then he grabbed me by the shoulder and shook me a little bit and with steel in his voice he said, "I want to tell you something, boy, and I don't want you ever to forget it. There are no close ones. They are either fair or foul, safe or out. And"—he tightened his grip on my shoulder—"they ain't nothing 'til I call 'em. As long as you and I live, that's going to be a foul ball."

That was to stand me in good stead with the umpires I have known—like Mr. Jocko Coslan and Mr. Larry Goetz, and Mr. Al Barlick and Mr. Bill Klem and Mr. Bill Summers, and Mr. Cal Hubbard and Mr. Charlie Berry and Mr. Ernie Stewart, Mr. E. C. Quigley and Mr. Augie Donatelli. I never saw such a fine set of men. I call them mister because they deserve it. I knew they were essential in protecting the integrity of the game. And they knew I knew it.

My first problem with the "executives" of baseball occurred over umpires. An umpire came to me to complain because of low salaries and poor treat-

continued

\$5

How

did the Ford Marketing Corp. handle calls to 676 key Ford dealers in two days?

The Answer: Dialogue Marketing

If you have specific marketing needs like this, call 800-631-1971. (In New Jersey call 800-962-2803.)



"Muhammad Ali vs. Joe Frazier"

You will never stop debating who won!

You will never stop showing this spectacular fight film!

Yours in 8mm or Super 8mm!

Spectacular fight film captures all the exciting action in a tension filled twelve minute highlight. You almost feel the punches blast Muhammad Ali to the canvas. If you own an 8mm or Super 8mm projector—or have a friend who does—rush your order for this greatest moment in boxing history and watch it come to life in black and white, or sensational full color, in your own living room. \$9.95 in black and white. \$19.95 in color.



Mail Coupon Today!

Ring Classics (For Rare, Exclusive 8mm Fight Films)
Box L No C.O.D.'s Send check or money order
Hauppauge, New York 11787 We pay shipping.

Please Rush Muhammad Ali vs. Joe Frazier Fight Film

8mm ☐ or Super 8mm ☐
Black & White @ \$9.95 Color @ \$19.95 ☐

I am enclosing _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Anything's too much to pay for a grill that's going to flake out on you after a year or two.



But for a handsome cast iron grill, with an iron clad 5-year guarantee like Char-Broil, \$100 is a bargain.

How many grills do you know that come with all cooking parts of cast iron? Cutting boards of hand rubbed oak?

With a Char-Broil, you can spit roast, smoke cook, shish-kabob, and anything else you'd expect to do on the world's finest grill.

Char-Broil. It isn't priced like a toy. But then you don't cook like a kid.

\$20 IS TOO MUCH TO PAY FOR A GRILL. BUT \$100 ISN'T. Write Jim Bradley,

Dept. SI-1, W. C. Bradley Company, Columbus, Georgia 31902, and he'll send you a whole booklet of bargains from \$100 up for your trouble.

**CHAR-BROIL.
THE END OF FOOLING AROUND.**



A NEW DIMENSION FOR TEACHERS

With museum authorized Alvacasts® your students can reach out and touch the arts and artifacts of every period and civilization. These meticulously made and highly durable replicas are superb teaching tools for art education, social studies, world history and the human mind.

Several teaching kits and individual collections are available, all at liberal school discounts. For literature, please write on your school letterhead.

ALVA MUSEUM REPLICAS, INC.

20-30 Northern Boulevard
Long Island City, N.Y. 11101
(212) 392-6786

A subsidiary of Time Inc.



CHANDLER

Continued

ment and the late Will Harridge, then the American League president, fired him. It was in his power to do so, but I thought it a shameful act.

From then on I worked to improve the circumstances of umpires, getting them more money, striving to assure them more respectability. The league presidents, Frick in the National and Harridge in the American, were sitting on their backsides drawing down good salaries, and these men who were so absolutely dedicated to the principles of the game were getting peanuts. They were averaging no more than \$7,500 a year.

I understand some umpires now make quadruple that, and they deserve every penny. They are peculiarly dedicated men, and their reward in the past has been negative. I sought when I was an office to wrest control of the umpires from the individual leagues and put them all under the commissioner, just as they are in professional football today. Among other things, I don't think there should be an "American League umpire" or a "National League umpire."

Players have told me umpires call 'em differently from one league to another—that because of varying chest protectors some see balls and strikes differently. Umpires tell me they can't forget they're "American League umpires" in a World Series because it's flat out impossible. One of them said, "My office tells me, 'It's the Series. Forget you're an American Leaguer.' How can I? For years I've been told, 'Damn those National Leaguers.' I'm supposed to help beat 'em, too. How can I forget?"

I love umpires best for those moments when they show themselves to be the tough, quick-witted men they are. I will never forget the picture of Jocko Conlan and Leo Durocher engaging in a shrim-kicking contest, with Jocko getting his shots into Leo's bare legs and Leo clanking into Jocko's shin protectors. It did my heart good. I have never been what you would call a fan of Leo Durocher.

NEXT WEEK

Happy Chandler tells about the celebrated suspension of Leo Durocher and the events that led to his being fired by the owners.

Go West With Lee

Lee Riders®
Born of the land.
Raised in the dust
of the Plain Country.
Jeans that roll small
in a pack.
Low slung. Cut tight.
Nothing fancy.
Just right.
Back to the earth?
Lee Riders live there!



Lee®

VF It D. Lee Company, Inc., Work & Western Division, P.O. Box 440, Blueless Mills, Kansas 66001. Available in Canada.



**STRIKE
NOW
AND**

GET A WHOLE SEASON'S ACTION.

Subscribe to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** right now and you'll get a whole sizzling season of baseball for peanuts.

25 weeks for only \$3.95! All of baseball from here to the World Series, the way only SI can bring it home to you. With great color pictures, profiles of the stars, behind-the-scenes-stories, scouting reports, predictions.

Don't let a pitch like this slide by. Mail the coupon today and you're in for six swinging months of every sport under the sun.

TAKE A CUT HERE.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED 25 WEEKS FOR \$3.95

Please send me 25 weeks of SI for \$3.95.

☐ Payment enclosed

☐ Bill me later

name _____

street _____

city _____

state _____

zip _____

This rate is good only in U.S. FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

S 61523

Mail coupon to Sports Illustrated, Time and Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611

I guess most kids grown to manhood in the U.S. have something common to all their memories: mumbly-peg, steeles, skinnin'-the-cat and the wonderfully dust-filled redolence of a crowded arena on a hot summer's night, with prancing horses on parade and clowns and Cracker Jack and more excitement than a boy could stand. For some ex-kids that vision conjures up a circus, but for those of us who grew up where I did, it means only one thing: rodeo. Not ro-dio-ohs, mind you, like they have in the East in buildings like New York's Madison Square Garden, but rodeos, with the accent on the ro.

They still have rodeos today in places like Penrose Stadium, right next to the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs, or up in Cheyenne during the festival called Frontier Days, or maybe in any number of small cowpens stretching all the way up the eastern range of the Rockies from Albuquerque to Billings.

In the old days there was always a certain order present no matter where a rodeo was being held along that range, an order that made each rodeo the same and yet absolutely different from any other you had ever seen. The order was like that of a good story: introduction, anticipation, building of tension and, finally, the climax.

First, there was a grand entrance—a hundred or more riders, each carrying a flag, trotting through a series of intricate loops and circles, moving effortlessly until horses and riders formed up into a line at rigid attention for the playing of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. There isn't a halftone show in the country that could touch a rodeo grand entrance for class.

Next came the track riders, and after them the saddle bronc riders. One by one these wild centaurs burst forth until slowly the phrase, "Now comin' out of chute number nine . . ." drilled itself so deeply into a boy's mind that a quarter of a century later it sets a man's heart thumping with anticipation when he hears it in an old movie late at night on TV.

After saddle broncs the program moved swiftly. Steer wrestling, or bull-dogging, whichever you like to call it.

The Funniest Courage of All

That's what the rodeo clowns had to have to distract the bulls and entertain the customers at the same time by TOM EDWARDS

Then to bareback bronc riding. Maybe a dog act or two. And calf roping.

When eventually the last calf was roped and tied, slowly around the edge of the main grandstand a tractor edged into view, dragging a pile of fencing. The crowd—whether in Montana, Colorado or Arizona—always cheered at the first sight of that tractor and eagerly watched as six or seven cowboys used that fencing to build a temporary pen inside the main arena. For all this meant the real show was about to begin: Brahma bull riding.

Bull riding was a show in two acts. The first took place while a cowboy tried to stay atop his bull for the required 10 seconds. The second show, the one the crowd really came to see, started as soon as the rider was off the bull. It starred the bull, and it starred a man. And, tall or short, skinny or fat, that man would do a job that was cheered in a thousand rodeos in a hundred arenas every summer.

That man was the rodeo clown. Once you saw a rodeo clown work a bull you swore for a long time that no braver man had ever lived. That's how I felt about the man I knew as George Mills—though whether or not that was his right name I don't know. To me, anyway, he was George, he was the first rodeo clown I ever saw and to my mind he was the bravest of the brave.

When I first saw Mills I didn't see him. When you are 8 years old the thought of watching someone get killed is a little frightening. So I hid my eyes. I figured there was no way that little man in the funny clothes in that ring with that bull could keep from being killed. But somehow he did. So the next night I looked at him. It was a wild sight. He wore blue jeans at least a foot and a half too big around the waist but

held up by a pair of wide elastic suspenders. The shirt was plaid, loud plaid, as was the handkerchief he kept barely tucked into a hip pocket. The hat was early Buster Keaton, a flat, saucerlike affair. And, of course, there was the barrel. Imagining a rodeo clown without his barrel is like trying to envision Babe Ruth without a bat and just as foolish. George Mills had a job to do, and he needed that barrel to do the job.

The barrel began each performance directly in the center of the pen. And by the time Rider No. 1 came out on Bull No. 1, George was in the barrel up to his waist, peering closely at the twisting, snorting mountain of flesh that wasn't too happy about having someone sitting on its back with a cinch around its vitals. Eventually one of two things happened. Either the bull threw the rider or the rider rode out his time, got his buzzer and wanted off that bull. Once off he needed to get out of that pen—in a hurry. That was George's cue.

The moment a rider touched the ground, either by accident or design, George left the barrel and was after that bull. His main job was to distract the bull so that the rider could get out. This George did in spades.

One of his specialties was sailing his little hat about 15 feet through the air so that it hit the bull right above the eyes. Then he would nonchalantly walk over, pick up the hat and about this time the bull would decide he didn't care for the funny-looking man who was throwing things at him. Somehow George managed to dive into the barrel every time, just an instant before the bull rammed into it, hurling it 10 or 20 yards.

Sometimes when a rider took a bad fall and was down on the ground and the bull was after him with a horn,

continued

The 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil
 specially formulated to clean
 as it lubricates.
 Protects through all weather.
 Buy your oil the way
 you bought your car. Carefully.
 Wolf's Head Oil Refining Co.,
 Oil City, Pa. 16301.

**Grime
 Acid
 Sludge
 Grit
 Crud**
**This
 one
 soaks it
 up**



the uncommon motor oil
 Exceeds car makers'
 warranty requirements.

Courage *continued*

George would sprint up, grab the bull by the tail and literally pull him away from the fallen rider.

I saw George work each summer for about 10 years. There were times during those years when I decided it wasn't courage but just plain loco foolishness that led him to mess around with those bulls. Then I learned something.

The first night's rodeo at the Colorado State Fair one year was a rough one. It had rained, and one cowboy had to be taken to the hospital in an ambulance with some broken ribs and internal bleeding after being trampled on by a bull.

The next morning at 7:30 the fairgrounds were almost deserted. Almost. Undereath the grandstands another kid and I were cleaning up the concession area, stopping only for a minute to take a break and walk out to where we had seen George Mills work in the mud the night before. As we got there a cowboy strolled up wearing Levi's, shirt, boots and a cowboy hat. He might have been any of a hundred. He disappeared behind the chutes. In a few minutes we could hear the sound of something being moved into one of the chutes. The cowboy reappeared, carrying a barrel, George Mills' barrel. He placed it in the center of the pen, walked over to the chute and let out the biggest and meanest Brahman bull ever. And for the next 15 minutes, he proceeded to give a performance with that bull that George Mills could not have equaled. We stared and stared. Then suddenly we realized. The baggy pants were gone and the funny hat, but the man we were watching was George Mills, practicing his difficult profession without fuss or fanfare.

Later that morning we learned why George Mills had been working at 7:30 in the morning. When the rodeo announcer came by and finished checking out his equipment we asked him point-blank about the incident.

"Simple explanation," he told us. "Whenever a bull hurts anybody George works the bull the next morning. He wants to get to know him."

Maybe George Mills has hung up his barrel by now or maybe he's still working a rodeo now and then. I don't know. But one thing I do know. When anyone talks of courage they had better include a guy who tangles with an animal seven times his size just so "he can get to know him."

END



**If
 Bob Cousy
 can do it,
 so can you.**

Bob's a Big Brother.

Each week, he spends a little time with a fatherless boy.

America has a million and a half boys who need a man for a friend.

One man. One boy. Men to man. That's Big Brothers.

Call your local Big Brothers agency and spend a little time with one of the boys.

The DISTANCE GRABBERS



Louisville Slugger Golf Clubs are designed for distance. Iron heads feature the famous oval center power weighted back design. Wood heads are made from layers of select Maple bonded together for strength and resilience. And the new Lite Steel shaft with extra lock grabs distance you never had before. See them at Sporting Goods Dealers and Fine Department stores.

Send for your 1988 copy of the booklet, Why Engineered Golf Clubs Perform Better, and the Louisville Slugger Golf Club Catalog.
 Address: Hillerich & Bradsby Co., Dept. 314-B
 P. O. Box 506, Louisville, Kentucky 40201

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip Code _____

HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Makers of Famous "SLUGGER" Athletic Products

Louisville Slugger Bats, Golf Clubs, Hockey Sticks

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FOR THE BIRDS

Sirs:

Once again you've run an article on one of our fine Baltimore teams (*Best Damn Team in Baseball*, April 12), and once again your writer has found it necessary to belittle the underserving Baltimore sports fans and their backward community.

How urbane are the two million Met fans in their urban jungle? How absurd is the East Baltimore steelworker who stays home, listening to his Orioles on the radio and drinking his National Boh, when he could have paid his way into Memorial Stadium and torn up the entire outfield? How unfortunate that the Orioles don't have two or three sportswriters to report on each ballplayer's every activity. How heroic is Nanny Seaver as we watch her battle through her life-and-death struggle as Tommy pitches? How many non-Baltimoreans even know there is a Mrs. Frank Robinson?

I feel that the true test of a sports fan is how he accepts defeat. Ask the Baltimore teams what they thought of the thousands of "small-down yokels" who turned out for "the free airport reception" after the humiliating defeats to those so deserving New York teams.

THOMAS A. MANNING

Baltimore

Sirs:

Although I appreciate the article on the Orioles, I disagree with some of Mr. Deford's references to Baltimore and its sports fans. My main complaint is where Mr. Deford refers to the Baltimore Clippers of the American Hockey League as being "bush." I wonder if Mr. Deford knows that the Clippers were offered a franchise in the NHL and turned it down. I wonder if he knows that they outdraw the Baltimore Bullets of the NBA in the same arena. The Clippers have also just finished their finest season, winning their division.

TERENCE MCGEE

Sparks, Md

Sirs:

If Boog Powell, who in 1970 finished behind Carl Yastrzemski in batting average, home runs and slugging percentage, is depicted as Power Personified, what then is Yastrzemski the epitome of?

PIETER ANDERSON

Groton, Conn

Sirs:

I have played baseball for the last 10 years and in doing so have seen many baseball cleats. But from rubber cleats of the Little League to steel cleats of high school I have never seen a pair of the type Boog Pow-

ell wears on your cover. I realize it was only a painting, but I suggest somebody tell Artist Edward Kasper that baseball cleats do not have heels.

STEVE MORRISALE

Garden Grove, Calif.

◆ Somebody has —ED.

RATING RERATING

Sirs:

I was stunned to read the results of the Solers' secret rating method for pitchers (*Pitching Secret*, April 12). The reason for my astonishment is that, with one exception, the same names appear on my own list as a result of my secret rating system.

Like the Solers, I will not divulge my formula, but if you care to publish my list you may do it with my permission by simply reversing the Solers' list.

So far the superiority of my secret method is not apparent. But it should become obvious when I tell you that on my alltime list, Harry Murphy ranks between Bob Feller and Hal Newhouser.

Who is Harry Murphy? Ha! This is where my method shines. Harry Murphy was a stackball pitcher on the playgrounds of Floral Park, N.Y. in the late '40s.

EUGENE REILLY

Massapequa, N.Y.

Sirs:

To have Bob Gibson anywhere but at the top of a list of great pitchers is obviously a mistake. The Solers' formula appears to be missing one ingredient—quality. Maybe they should concoct a formula for hitters, a subject they might know a little more about.

JOE SHAFER

Weatherford, Okla.

ROBBING THE CRADLE

Sirs:

What hath Judge Ferguson wrought (*Legal License to Steal*, April 12)? Will his ruling be the death knell of varsity sports at the high school level? Since hardship cases don't necessarily begin with an athlete's enrollment in college, why shouldn't a sophomore or junior in high school sign a lucrative pro contract? State laws saying that students must attend school until a certain age must be in conflict with the Sherman Anti-trust Act since they prevent star athletes from earning a livelihood.

KIYOMI NISHIKAWA

Carson City, Nev.

CHIMP SHOTS?

Sirs:

I wish to thank Sl and Dolly Connolly (*Everybody Is Up an Arse*, April 5). I was

shocked, but certainly not surprised at the way the networks allowed *Say Goodbye* on NBC and the CBS News strip to be produced. Hunters and concerned citizens must take a stand to put a stop to such cheap shots. I realize that all people in the woods with a gun are not good hunters or good outdoorsmen, but as a rule hunters have done more for game animals than any other group.

JAMES E. MEADOWS

Andalusia, Ala.

Sirs:

Congratulations! It is apparent to the true conservationist and sportsman that much of the media is intent on making the hunter look as if his only interest is the final kill. As your article indicates, nothing could be further from the truth. Organizations such as Ducks Unlimited are comprised of dedicated people who want to assure generations to come that they, too, will have the opportunity to enjoy the adventure of the great outdoors. It would certainly be of benefit if the public were made aware of how much time, energy and money are devoted to the preservation of wildlife by these groups.

The motives and reasons for track photography should certainly be questioned. It is apparent that there is a definite trend to prejudice the public against hunters.

American sportsmen owe your magazine a vote of thanks for your article.

MICHAEL S. HIGGINS

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

I, too, was quite disturbed by the polar bear sequence in *Say Goodbye*. Hunting and fishing are two of the most important phases of my life, yet I would give up both if such were necessary for the survival of fish and game. However, at the rate things are progressing, Safari Island and similar establishments may eventually become the only areas of survival.

NORMAN LAMB

Visalia, Calif.

Sirs:

It seems to me that the basic issue is whether or not the practice of raising animals for the sport of shooting them is morally justified. Walter Cronkite says no, Author Dolly Connolly, I fear, has not considered the question. Her defense of Safari Island and the Klugeburgers is set largely in relative terms, that what is going on there is not as bad as some other things and therefore we shouldn't get upset. All this really says is that we should widen the scope of things we get upset about.

The argument is frequently advanced that the hunter plays an important role by elim-

continued

Sports Illustrated

invites you to TAKE A LESSON FROM CLYDE ALLEN



CLYDE ALLEN?

Clyde Allen is a teaching pro, and until a friend told us about him a while ago, we'd never heard of Clyde Allen either. He's never won a major tournament (or even played in one). He's never hit a golf ball on television and this is the first time his name has ever appeared in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. In fact, about all Clyde Allen has done for the past 20 years is teach an amazing number of people how to play a better game of golf—youngsters just starting out, high-handicap weekend golfers, ladies and seniors.

There's nothing fancy about Clyde's approach to golf—no gimmicks, no complex theories or techniques, no multi-colored diagrams. Just a simple, person-to-person method of instruction based on years of practical teaching experience. As he puts it: "I believe anyone can develop the feel of a good basic golf swing. Once you understand what you are trying to do and how you are going to do it, you can consistently hit the ball better—longer and straighter—with any club. The important thing is not to worry about what you're doing wrong, but to concentrate on doing just a few fundamental things right."

We think Clyde Allen's approach to the game is so sensible and so refreshing that we asked him to record two lessons for us, one on the basic golf swing and another on the short game. These are real lessons—not just a few tips from a touring pro or elaborate explanations of golf theory—but solid professional instructions from a teaching pro who talks to you the way he would if he met you for a balling lesson on the practice tee. The only important difference is that you can take these lessons at home—at your own convenience in your living room or den. And you can take them over and over again—before you play each round, after you've come in, or during the week when you just feel like swinging a club for a few minutes.

If you play to a 10 or higher handicap, we think you'll find that the time you spend listening to Clyde Allen will help your game considerably. We won't guarantee how many strokes you'll drop or how

many yards you'll add to your tee shots. But we will make the following guaranteed offer:

Send for either one or both of the Clyde Allen Golf Lessons described below. Play the lesson, follow Clyde's instructions and see if his method of helping you understand what you are trying to do when you hit the ball—and how you are going to do it—has a positive effect on your game. If it does, keep the lesson and enjoy the season ahead. If it doesn't—if you're not completely satisfied—simply send it back within 10 days and **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** will refund your money immediately.

LESSON 1

Fundamentals of the Golf Swing

Side #1 includes gripping the club, addressing the ball, stance, posture, taking the club away, the 'feel' of a correct back swing, shifting your weight, body and shoulder turn, the downswing, striking the ball, and follow through. Side #2 provides some positive thoughts on such negative items as hooking, slicing, shanking, and swaying.

LESSON 2

Fundamentals of the Short Game

Side #1 starts with stance, address and distribution of weight, knee flex, shifting your gmp, and then goes into taking the club away, backswing, downswing, tempo, and striking the ball. Side #2 covers such important refinements to your overall game as mental preparation, looking up club selection, wind, favorite clubs, and golf etiquette.

Each Clyde Allen lesson is priced at \$6.95 plus 50¢ postage in 12" LP record form or \$7.95 plus 50¢ postage in tape cassette form. (Either way it's about what a golf lesson from a good teaching pro would cost you.) To order yours simply complete the coupon below and send it to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** along with your check or money order. Please note that you can order both records for only \$12.00 plus 50¢ postage, or both cassettes for only \$14.00 plus 50¢ postage. If someone has beaten you to the coupon, simply send your name and address, plus your check or money order and the number of lessons you want to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED GOLF LESSONS**, P.O. Box 5898, Terre Haute, Ind. 47805. Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED GOLF LESSONS

P.O. Box 5898
Terre Haute, Ind. 47805

- ☐ Lesson 1—The Fundamentals of the Golf Swing
☐ 12" LP Record—\$6.95 plus 50¢
☐ Tape Cassette—\$7.95 plus 50¢
- ☐ Lesson 2—The Fundamentals of the Short Game
☐ 12" LP Record—\$6.95 plus 50¢
☐ Tape Cassette—\$7.95 plus 50¢
- ☐ Both Lessons
☐ 2 records—\$12.00 plus 50¢
☐ 2 cassettes—\$14.00 plus 50¢



I want to take a lesson (or two) from Clyde Allen. Please send the lesson(s) I have indicated to:

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

☐ My check ☐ money order for \$ is enclosed

I understand if I am not completely satisfied I may return the lesson(s) within 10 days and you will refund my money in full.

It only tastes expensive



Popular price
Also available in New large-size container.



This year why not invite your overseas friends over here?

Too expensive? Maybe not. There are many different kinds of travel bargains that overseas visitors can enjoy while they're in the United States.

Airlines, railroads, bus companies, car rental agencies and many tours offer special reduced rates for foreign guests.

They should be arranged on the other side. So tell your overseas friends and relatives now. Get details from the United States Travel Service, Department of Commerce, Washington, D.C. 20230.

CHANGE ADDRESS



If you're moving, please let us know
four weeks
before changing your address.

Mail to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
541 North Fairbanks Court
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip Code _____

By vote to attach your address label when
writing on other matters concerning your sub-
scription—billing, adjustment, complaint, etc.

To order \$8 check box: ☐ new ☐ special
Subscription price in the United States,
Canada, Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean
Islands \$12.00 a year. Military personnel
anywhere in the world \$8.50 a year; all
others \$16.00 a year.

16TH HOLE *continued*

inating surplus animals, which is indeed probably more humane than letting them die of starvation. But hunting as a means of controlling the population density of a species cannot be justified when the species is placed on an island by the hunter. He is creating the problem of limiting the species' environment, so he can hardly be glorified for solving it.

Indeed, the author seems to be of the mentality of a Carl Cróuse, who is quoted as saying that shooting preserves are "a proper use for animals." Since when have animals become man's toys that he has the right to determine proper uses for them, especially when one of those uses is to raise them for the sport ("of killing them")? They are, after all, alive, which makes them not so very different from man himself.

ROBERT R. STRICKLAND JR.
New York City

Sirs:

You fail to mention one very important problem caused by such bastions of legalized murder as Safari Island. Any wild animal that is in particularly good shape is quite difficult to come by. Such establishments as Safari usually accept only prime specimens from their collectors. Likewise, big-game hunters deplete a herd or population of its strongest members, greatly decreasing the gene pool. Indeed, after a big hunt the only survivors may be the old, the young and the infirm, which hardly can be expected to keep the population strong.

Thinning of any population occurs quite naturally in nature, as was shown by Darwin. When our heroic hunters go after the "biggest and best animal," they are pursuing the one that is most capable of giving rise to strong, hardy offspring.

I think our own population is in need of some thinning out. Hunters might be a good group with which to start.

GEORGE D. BUCKLEY
Arlington, Mass.

ALI (CONT.)

Sirs:

In your article on Muhammad Ali (*No Request for a Heavyweight*, April 5) you said he enjoys going outside and greeting people. One week I went to Ali's home every day and every day I was told to come back the next day. When I finally saw him all I got was a weak, fishlike handshake. He didn't speak and showed no expression of friendliness. I realize he might just have come out of an important meeting, but I wanted to make known my plight.

DAVID FRIBER
Cherry Hill, N.J.

Address editorial mail to **True & Life Bldg.,**
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



Another advertising at one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House".

"We thought we were in a peaceful village until we realized we were being stalked by the primitive Mudmen of New Guinea."

1 "Anna and I always wanted to visit a tribe of Mudmen to see one of their Sing-Sing ceremonies," George Malyniuk tells us. "Our guide, Peter Horner, refused to tell us exactly what the ceremony entailed, just to heighten the suspense a little. But we got more than we bargained for. We followed the Asaro River into

the New Guinea interior to a village where it was rumored there might be a Sing-Sing. Sure enough, there were only women and children in the huts. Peter said the men must be in the jungle preparing for the ceremony, and went to look for them. Anna and I waited near the village.

2 "Suddenly a lone warrior appeared out of the brush and moved slowly toward us. My first reaction was to grab Anna and run. But then I realized that we were being stalked by at least thirty warriors from all sides. They approached us silently, carrying spears, in a kind of menacing slow-motion dance. When I was certain we were done for, I spotted Peter taking pictures of the whole incredible thing. The Mudmen are highly unpredictable, and even Peter became concerned.



3 Peter shouted to the Mudmen to stop stalking us and joined us to talk with them in pidgin English. We found out that the stalking Sing-Sing 'dance' was a re-enactment of a legendary tribal battle which their ancestors won by frightening off their enemies. Looking at the Mudmen we could understand how

4 "Back in Goroka our hotel terrace was a welcome sight, and we couldn't stop talking about our adventure with the Mudmen. Even more welcome was the sight of Canadian Club." Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. It's the whisky that's light enough for women yet bold enough for men. The whisky that's "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.



Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada



THE PALMA, 25" (diag.) MODEL 847MDE

ZENITH[®] CHROMACOLOR[®]

**Now the biggest breakthrough in Color TV
comes in small, medium, and large**



THE BOYDEN, 23" (diag.) MODEL 84519W



THE EDDINGTON, 19" (diag.) MODEL 84030W

Last year, Zenith introduced Chromacolor, the most revolutionary color television system ever invented, featuring Zenith's famous Handcrafted chassis and patented Chromacolor picture tube.

Result: a color picture that outbrightened and outdetailed every giant-screen color TV before Chromacolor! Now Zenith announces the Chromacolor family, a complete

range of new Chromacolor cabinet styles and screen sizes designed to fit right into your life. All the brilliance and realism of the Chromacolor TV picture in consoles, table models and new compact fit-anywhere cabinets. With a choice of 19", 23" and new giant 25" (diag.) screen sizes.

At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on.[®] And remember: only your Zenith dealer has Chromacolor.

© 1974 ZENITH TV PICTURES